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UN Troops Cautiously Start New Drive Towards Border

Secret Meeting Village Bombed

With the French Air Force in Northern Tonking, Nov. 10. The French Air Force, tipped by intelligence agents that the Vietminh leader, Dr Ho Chi Minh, was in secret conference with top Chinese and Russian experts, today bombed the village of Langka, nestling against the Chinese frontier.

American-built King Cobra fighters and veteran Junkers bombers, built by the French during the German occupation, blasted the area, hoping to wipe out the President of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.

Sixty-year-old Dr Ho Chi Minh has been leading the fighting against the French since December, 1946. Since early 1947, there have been repeated rumours that he had died or had been assassinated. Meanwhile, the French defensive system is now based on three strong points. North: Phontho, about 37 miles west of Loucky, the Northern front post evacuated last week. Central: Binhla, about 23 miles south-east of Phontho. South: Thanuyen, 31 miles further south-east.

There was no fighting in the Loucky area today. The French forces evacuated from the Garrison continued to build up military strongholds to prevent the guerrillas from taking the mountain paths leading to Thailand. —Reuter.

WAVELL'S ESTATE

Field Marshal Earl Wavell, Britain's famous war leader and former Viceroy of India, left a gross estate valued at £49,579, it was disclosed here today.

Duty paid on the estate amounted to £19,250. Lord Wavell, who died last May at the age of 79, left most of his fortune to his wife. His orders, medals, jewellery and other personal belongings were left to his son, the new Earl. —Reuter.

COMMENT OF THE DAY

World Disarmament

THERE have been recent signs that the United Nations is becoming re-conscious of the problem of world disarmament and of doing something definite and tangible towards resolving this poser. One or two proposals have been made, such as member states being requested to specify by next March how far and on what basis they are willing to reduce their armaments, and another suggestion that a new and consolidated disarmament commission be appointed to combine the work of the existing commissions on atomic and conventional armaments and attempt thereby to "revitalize" the work of both. These proposals manifest again the age-long dream of humanity for a war-less and disarmed world in which "words would be turned" into ploughshares and men could follow their pursuits and peace and security. And there have been earnest endeavours from time to time to bring some reality to the dream. If those endeavours have, let them say, no results, they have at least done much to clarify the problem and the issues involved in it. That problem is not so simple as it once was thought to be in the days when armaments were regarded as virtually the sole cause of war. Indeed, it is one of the supreme troubles of the world today. There is no other road to disarmament except through the disarmament of the free nations in a system of collective security within the United Nations Charter. Unhappy the atmosphere today is one of hot and cold wars of direct and indirect aggression, making it a far more difficult task for the United Nations to achieve its aim.

They're More Humane

On the North Korean Front, Nov. 10. American troops on this front are finding the Chinese Communists more humane than the Korean Reds.

A patrol led by Captain Oliver West, of Oklahoma City, found three wounded American soldiers left behind at the battle of Kwandong. A mile further along the patrol came upon a former Communist ad station where five Americans had been treated and left behind by the retreating Reds.

One of the Americans said a North Korean shot at him and missed. Then an officer who he thought was Chinese struck the North Korean on the head and protected him.

There have been several instances of where the North Korean Reds massacred American and South Korean wounded. —United Press.

Nobel Prize For British Scientist

Stockholm, Nov. 10. A middle-aged British atomic scientist, who is a Vice-President of the British "Peace Committee" but denies he is a Communist, was tonight awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics.

The Swedish Academy of Science honoured Professor Cecil F. Powell, aged 46, Professor of Physics at Bristol University and head of a University research team in nuclear physics and cosmic radiation.

Nobel literature prizes were awarded Earl Russell (Bernard Russell), the 78-year-old British philosopher, and Mr William Faulkner, the 53-year-old American novelist.

The Swedish Academy, which awards the prizes, gave the 1950 prize to Earl Russell and the 1949 to Mr Faulkner. —Reuter.

PATROL PROBES 2 MILES INTO NO-MAN'S-LAND

United Nations troops pushed cautiously forward on the North-West Korean front tonight. They appeared to be opening anew their drive on the Manchurian border.

Changing over from the defensive role they have adopted for the past week, the American, South Korean and British Commonwealth soldiers began aggressive action against the Communist forces dug in three or four miles in front of them.

A Reuter correspondent, reporting this new advance from the American Eighth Army Headquarters in Korea, said that the 24th American Division sent forward an armoured patrol—a company of infantry covered by two tanks—two miles into the No Man's Land, which separates the frontlines north of the Chongchon River.

Until these reports, the only sign of activity in North Korea today was a heavy artillery barrage on American positions round Kunuri, on the North-Western front, about 50 miles north of Pyongyang.

The Communist withdrawal, which had left United Nations patrols probing forward into a vacuum, was still a mystery here. Military spokesmen said that it was too early to determine the meaning of the barrage, which was coupled with a mortar attack on a bridge over the Taedong River, nearby.

An intelligence officer repeatedly told questioners at a press conference that he could give no guidance. He said his silence was partly a matter of security and partly of genuine ignorance.

Though the ground fronts were quiet, the air war continued without respite. The Communists have had substantial air losses during the past 24 hours. Two of their MIG-15 jet fighters and two Yaks were shot down and two MIG-15s were damaged.

PLANES HIT HARD

American planes, including carrier-based aircraft, smashed hard at the Yalu River bridges on the Manchurian border. They met "heavy, intense and accurate" fire from both sides of the river, but they were under strict orders not to violate the frontier.

Other aircraft launched day and night attacks on Communist supplies, supplies and communications throughout North Korea.

The Australian Medical Service chief, Major General F.K. Norris, said after a visit to the Kure base hospital in Japan today that air evacuation of casualties had been "masterly". The Australians and Britons saw in the wards were in "excellent spirits and wanting

She's The Oldest Big Aid Plan For SE Asia



Believed to be England's oldest woman, Mrs Mathilde Coppins, 108, receives a bunch of flowers from the assistant matron of a rest home in St Leonard's, Sussex. Mrs Coppins, who still doesn't wear glasses, is very active and remains quite the life and soul of the party.

For SE Asia MAY COST BILLIONS

London Nov. 10. Official quarters said on Friday that details of the giant investment plan for aid to Southern Asia, drawn up by the Commonwealth finance ministers at a meeting in London last month, would be published as a White Paper, probably on November 21.

The plan is still top secret pending its submission to Parliament, but unofficial estimates of the total expenditure were to be about £2,000,000,000. This total was said to have been computed from the estimates of individual countries in Southern Asia of the sums required to raise their living standards in a six-year programme of economic development.

Thailand alone among South-East Asian countries was said to have decided not to participate in the plan, at least for the present.

5-YEAR PROGRAMME

India's requirements were said to be about 18,400,000,000 rupees, or approximately £1,000,000,000, and Pakistan's about £800,000,000, or about £800,000,000.

The estimates of other individual countries for the six-year programme were not known, but it was understood Commonwealth countries were being called upon to provide nearly half of the required total of £2,000,000,000. Britain's contribution was believed likely to take the form of a further running down of blocked sterling balances held by recipient countries.

Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Hugh Gaitskell, reviewed the plan at a press conference on Thursday and emphasized it was a long-term plan. He was hoped for, American officials were said to have been already appraised by the scheme, and to regard it favourably.

Known as the "Colombo Plan", the scheme was said to be the Commonwealth's master plan to help solve the crucial problem of Communism in Asia.

A White Paper of about 40,000 words was said to point out that this vast effort will be required to keep abreast of the rise in South-East Asia's population which, Mr Gaitskell said, will rise from 370,000,000 to 750,000,000 in the next 20 years. —United Press.

Her First Visit

Folkestone, Nov. 10. Princess Fatima, the 22-year-old sister of the Shah of Persia, and her American husband, Vincent, Elliker, arrived here today from France on their way to London. It is the Princess's first visit to Britain. —Reuter.

Early China Mail Next Monday

Next Monday, being a general holiday, there will be no issue of the Hongkong Telegraph.

Instead, an early edition of the China Mail will be published, which will be on sale in the streets by noon.

Virgin Mary May Have Lived There

House Unearthed In Turkey

Vatican City, Nov. 10. Excavations in Turkey have unearthed a house in which the Virgin Mary may once have lived, according to information sent to the experts of the Church here.

The experts were today studying the reports and may send archaeologists to the site to the reports to the Vatican. The house was found near the ancient city of Ephesus. Dating back to the first century, it appeared to have been converted into a Christian chapel soon after construction.

It contained a statue of the Madonna, which had been adapted from an earlier pagan statue, possibly of one of the gods of the Greek Pantheon.

INSRIPTIONS

Round the base of the statue and on the walls were scratched rough first-century inscriptions invoking the Madonna. Local tradition, both Christian and Moslem, has long signalled out the area as the site where the Virgin Mary once lived with the disciple, St John, after the death of Christ.

This tradition was strengthened by the Apocryphal Gospels which record that St John, into whose care the Virgin Mary was given, lived for a time at Ephesus during his evangelisation of Asia Minor.

It was understood here that the excavations on the Ephesus site were carried out by the Turkish Government with the aid of German and British archaeologists.

One Vatican archaeologist said that "no estimate could be made on the value of the discoveries until a more exhaustive study had been made here of the evidence so far found. —Reuter.

Becomes Citizen Of The USA

Los Angeles, Nov. 10. David Bergman's daughter, Pia Lindstrom, aged 12, became an American citizen today and changed her name to Pia Ann Lindstrom.

The girl took the citizenship oath with her mother, Pia Lindstrom, and her father, David Bergman, at a ceremony at the Los Angeles City Hall.

New Director Of Education

It was officially announced this morning that Mr Douglas James Smyth Crocker, temporary School Inspector of Schools, has been appointed to succeed Mr A. E. Brown, CBE, as Director of Education. Mr Crocker arrived in Hong Kong by air from the United Kingdom last night.

Indicted For Murder

Washington, Nov. 10. Federal Grand Jury today indicted an ex-Marine, Guy Charles, 37, of Puerto Rico, for the slaying of President Truman's life guard, William Tamm, on November 1.

The charge against Charles is based on the killing of Tamm, a gun battle which followed the president's arrival in Washington.

CALDBECK'S OLD TAWNY PORT

(PRODUCE OF PORTUGAL)

The Connoisseur Comes

CALDBECK'S

BLASTING GLACIERS TO UNLOCK WEATHER SECRETS



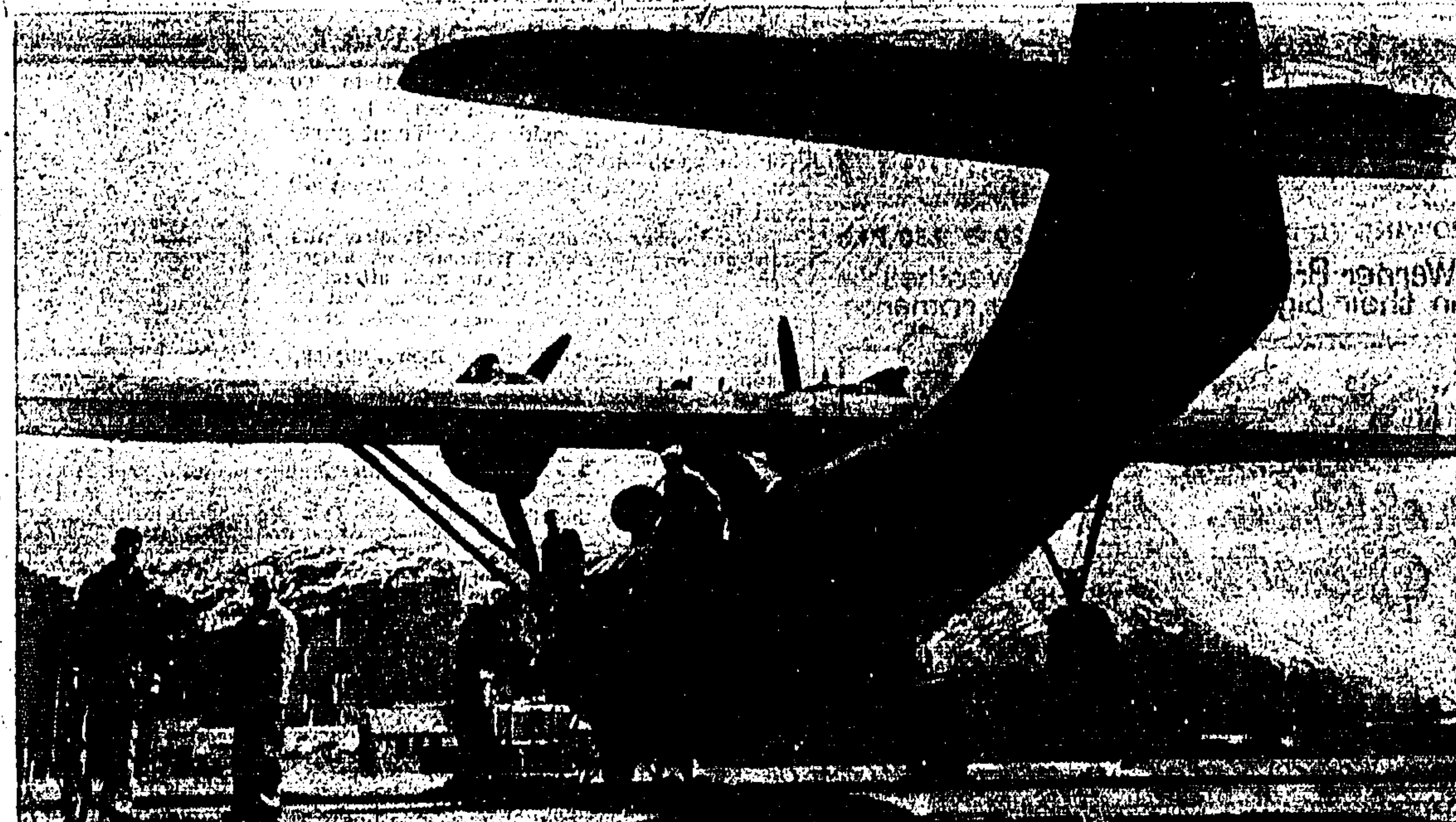
SCIENTISTS studying the Arctic ice fields declare there has been definite, warmer change in climate in the last few decades, resulting in glacial recession. In addition, they believe, when this information is correlated with other data from all parts of the world explaining how glaciers were born, it may be possible to forecast the general trend of the world's climate for a century or more.

Weather information, vital to the armed services as well as to scientists, will be immeasurably advanced by an expedition to Alaska planned by the American Geographical Society of New York. A continuation of a 1941 and 1948-49 series of studies, the field trip will allow scientists to penetrate deeper into the secrets of the Juneau Ice Field.

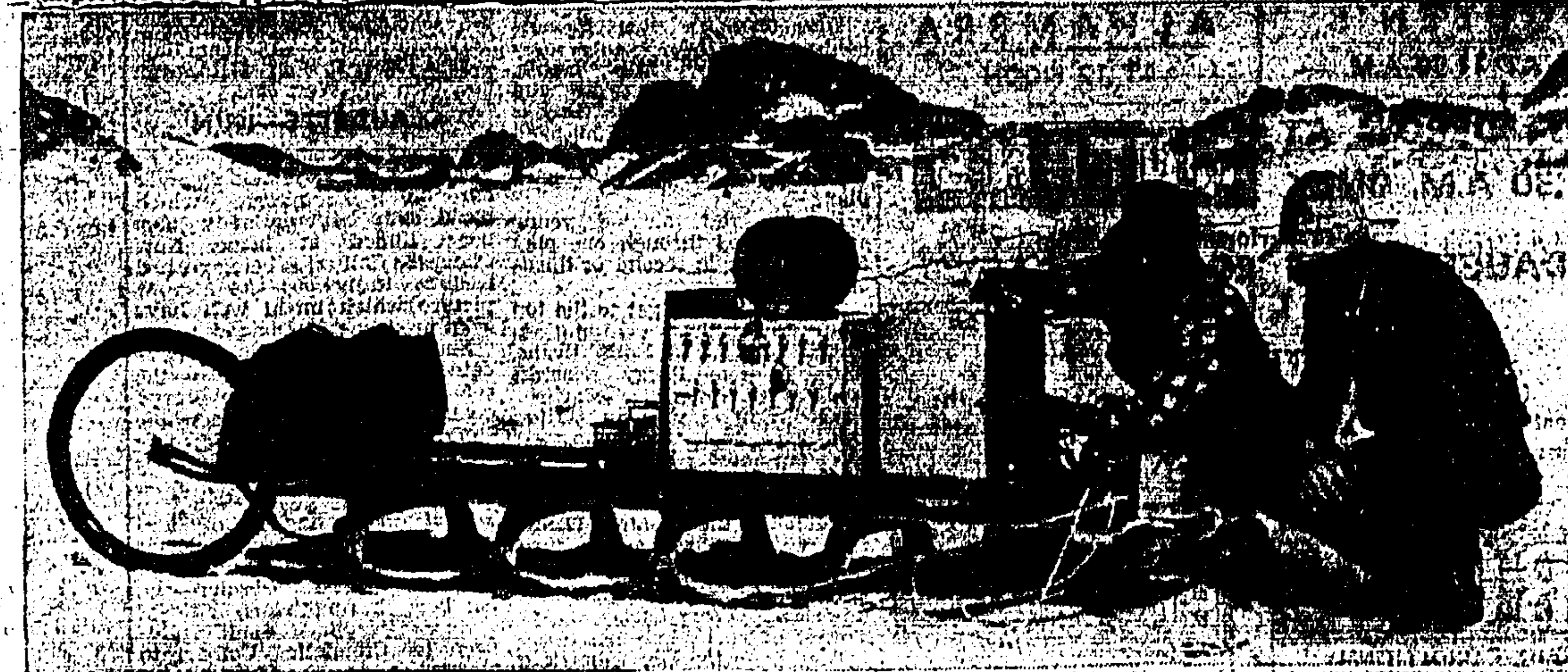
Supported by the U.S. Office of Naval Research, and headed by Maynard Miller, explorer and geologist, the expedition is returning to the creeping mountains of ice to determine their depths, how they are formed.



FROM THE EDGE of the ice field, which is squeezing through a Taku valley and Twin Glacier lake. An explanation of bonding defile, Melvin G. Marcus and Maynard Miller look down into on Twin Glacier was one of the studies undertaken during trip.



SUPPLIES are loaded into a Navy PBV patrol bomber at Juneau airport to be dropped by parachute at field camps. Members of expedition were flown to landing area on the ice field's edge but had to haul their equipment in on their backs and sleds.



SEISMOLOGISTS S. W. Miller and C. F. Allen adjust equipment used for depth sounding on Taku Glacier. Bicycle wheel is fitted

with cyclometer for measuring distance travelled over snow's surface. Deepest depth sounded was 1,524 feet on Upper Taku.

CROSSING A CREVASSE in Juneau Ice Field calls for utmost caution. Sometimes the snow bridge may look solid but give way under the slightest weight. Studies of crevasse walls yield information on annual snow deposit.

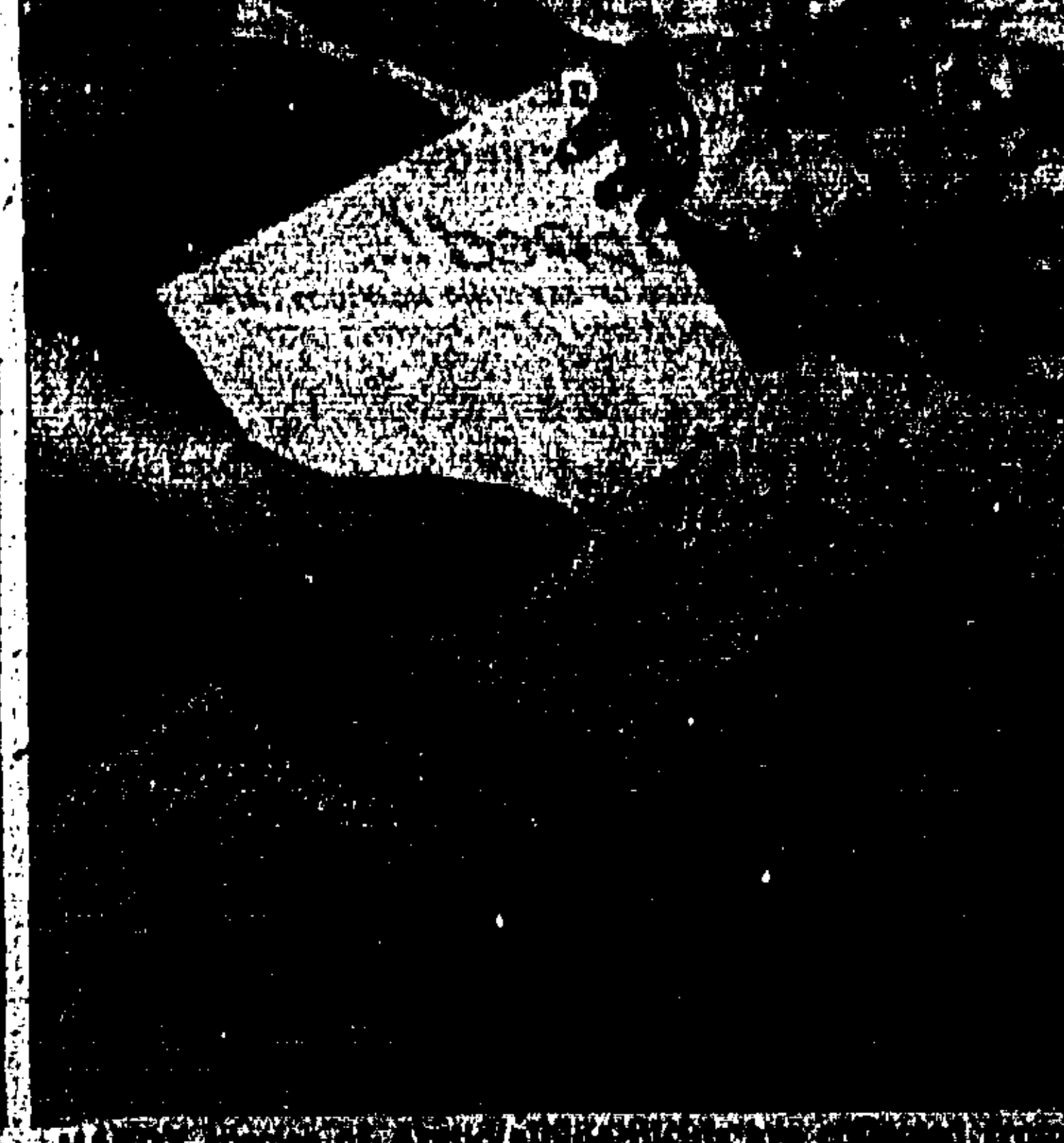
Arctic Experts Measure Movement of the Ice Field and Obtain Detailed Technical Information on the Earth's Climatic Variations



SCATTERED lead oxide dye is scattered over surface as base for measuring snow accumulation during following winter.



MEASURING walls of pits dug into snow surface for determining annual snow accumulation.



MEASURING distance travelled over snow's surface with cyclometer.



MEASURING depth of crevasse with plumb line.

KINGS LEE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

★ **SHOWING TO-DAY** ★
EXTRA PERFORMANCE
TO-DAY & TO-MORROW
LIBERTY "A FORGOTTEN WIFE"
AT 12.30 P.M.

CHINESE PICTURE

A FORGOTTEN WIFE

天尋外海

DIALOGUE
IN
MANDARIN

SOUTH CHINA PRODUCTION

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW **LEE** AT 11.30 A.M.

RED SKELTON
in
"A SOUTHERN YANKEE"
M.C.M. Picture At Reduced Prices!

QUEEN'S AIR-CONDITIONED

ALHAMBRA AIR-CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

Warner Bros' **SILVER LINING** Sweethearts
in their big new song-dance romance

Daughter of Rosie O'Grady

Technicolor

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

Extra Performance "DAUGHTER OF ROSIE O'GRADY" **QUEEN'S** **ALHAMBRA**

AT 11.30 A.M. AT 12 NOON

TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

Extra Performance
"DAUGHTER OF ROSIE O'GRADY" PLUS

"SHOOT THE BASKET"

(A special 2-reel 8 skatball short showing the latest technique in slow-motion, including an all-star game between women and men!)

ROXY AIR-CONDITIONED

BROADWAY Theatre

TO-DAY & TO-MORROW SHOWING TODAY ONLY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

ACADEMY AWARD WINNER,
BRODERICK CRAWFORD
GOES INTO ACTION AGAIN

WOULD YOU LET YOUR
BROTHER MARRY AN
Anna Lucasta?

Anna Lucasta
PAULETTE GODDARD
BRODERICK CRAWFORD
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

ROXY: TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.

20th Century-Fox & **Technicolor**

BROADWAY: TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON

A Selected Programme of **"TECHNICOLOR"** CARTOONS

From Two Leading Studios
20th Century-Fox & **Technicolor**

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

HOW DARE YOU KISS MY WIFE! MY HUSBAND! MUSSY!

HE MISSED ME! OUCH!

WHY DON'T YOU PLAY BOWLEG BEN?

BECAUSE THESE CARDS ARE...

HOW DARE YOU KISS MY QUEEN YOU CARD!

OUCH!

OH, NO!

STAGE AND SCREEN NEWS FROM LONDON

4 girls challenge men's grip on theatre

by HAROLD CONWAY

WHY are our current dramatists so unkind to young actresses? In play after play they provide magnificent parts for the men—and for some of our distinguished women stars aged between 40 and 60.

But young heroines? The Bridges, the Battagras and the Emrys Williamses no longer seem interested. So some of our most attractive young stars languish in the shade—as well as those who might otherwise have reached stardom by now.

Here, for instance, is manager Henry Sherek, planning to present two of our foremost young actresses—Margaret Leighton and Glynda Johns—in a West End play space.

"Not one new play which I have read contains a star part for a young woman," Sherek tells me. "It looks as though I shall be forced to go to the classics, or near-classics."

Barrie, Maugham, Pinero didn't disdain young heroines—look at the chance Eileen Herlie has had in the Mrs. Tranter revival. Even Shaw wrote fine parts for girls. But the contemporary London stage has become a man's world, except for a few importations.

PROMOTE THEM!

In the West End theatres today, there are only four plays in which the leading role genuinely belongs to a young actress; of these, two are revivals (Maugham and Pinero) and one is by a Dutchman.

Who form the quartette now holding the fort against male encroachment? Miss Herlie, Brenda Bruce, Betty Paul and Doreen Gray. And Miss Gray is a special case: her husband shares top-of-the-bill honours with her in their two-character play.

For the rest, talented young actresses plod through one play after another in second or third-best roles.

They will never get to the top while dramatists continue to think in terms of Edith Evans, Flora Robson, Peggy Ashcroft and Fay Compton. These artists, I agree, would inspire any writer. But it is time the youngsters were promoted.

If it's love which makes the world go round, a romantic revival in the theatre should give the box-offices a good turn.

12 YEARS LATE

Tennessee Williams, like other American dramatists, is no scorn of young heroines. That is why Mr. Sherek is hoping to bring over Summer and Smoke as next year's foreign offering for the Edinburgh Festival—and with it Welsh-born Margaret Phillips for the leading role.

Summer and Smoke was written by Tennessee Williams about the same time as Streetcar, the Broadway run was somewhat

overshadowed by the other play's sensational success.

But Miss Phillips scored a big personal hit as a girl in a small American town who falls in love with a medical student. A native of Neath, Glamorgan she went to New York in 1939 as a girl of 14, for a holiday; was prevented by the war from coming home.

Hollywood took her over after the Williams play success—she plays the crippled wife in the new Lana Turner film, A Life of Her Own, and acts everyone else off the screen. But as she had warned them, Margaret Phillips has not got a Hollywood-type face.

So she recently returned to Broadway—and The Cocktail Party, in which she is now playing.

If Mr. Sherek's plans mature, the schoolgirl from Glamorgan will return home—12 years late—as a star, first in Edinburgh and then the West End.

CLAUDETTE—NUN

We have become accustomed to Hollywood stars coming over here to make pictures which could more appropriately have been filmed at home. Now Claudette Colbert is being rushed back to Hollywood—for a new picture which might well have been produced in England.

She is to play the nun-turned-detective in *Reverence*, the role which Fay Compton played on the London stage. The whole story, and its detail of murder, trial and appeal procedure, is essentially English in atmosphere.



MARGARET PHILLIPS
Wales to West End—via Broadway

Errol Flynn's Modiste Is All A-Flutter

Marjorie Best, that famed costumer of handsome movie he-males, is all a-flutter.

Errol Flynn is coming home to Warners again, and she's prancing about in the studio's wardrobe, shaking out and dusting off a long, long line of clothes marked "F" for Flynn.

"He just won't let anybody wardrobe him but me," beamed Miss Best while she shook a shirt here and examined a pair of pants there.

"Errol, bless him, is never a problem himself, but I always like to check to see what we have in his wardrobe, and what condition it's in, and how much will have to be made new, or remodeled."

Flynn is going to star in an adventure drama called *"Rocky Mountain"*, and Miss Best thinks her worries will be at a minimum. "He won't have any very elegant clothes in this picture," she said. "All I'll have to fret about is his waistline, and a few things like that. I do hope he hasn't gained any weight, or lost any, with all he's tramping around. He has been doing lately."

FAIR ENOUGH

Miss Best has the distinction of being probably the only female costumer who designs men's clothes, which doesn't seem so silly in view of the fact that most women's clothes are designed by men.

She has been keeping Flynn's breeches fitting neatly and his pockets at the right length and his hat fitting at the proper angle for a long time. She did such a nifty job with all the fancy regalia he wore in *"The Adventures of Don Juan"* that she won an Academy Award with Leah Rhodes for the best costumes in that picture.

Report On SCREEN KISSING

By Carlisle Jones

The art of screen kissing, over the past 20 years, has progressed by deceleration. Old timers will recall that in early silent film days romantically inclined leading ladies seldom kissed their leading men longer than a "peck," or remained in the clasp of manly arms for any length of time.

The slowing down process is believed to have been launched by Valentino, once famed as the Lingerer Latin. He introduced the more deliberate technique at any rate, closely followed by John Gilbert with Greta Garbo and by John Barrymore with Dolores Costello. All three took their time with kisses.

Photographic and technical improvements also contributed to lengthier romances. In the early years of the cinema, loving was not too comfortable, or not comfortable at all. Participants often came out of clinches with pain in the neck.

SILENT GRAMPS

Directors, seeking certain effects, put their stars in cramped positions and made them hold them too long. Today, with special air conditioning, and cooler lights, and modern garments designed for romantic comfort, clinches and kisses can be prolonged indefinitely and painlessly.

While the early exponents of deliberate love scenes are named above, it remained for James Cagney to change the formula. He did it in *"Public Enemy"* when he pushed half a grapefruit into Mae Clarke's pretty face while she was waiting to be kissed.

That sensational dido upset the whole carefully rigged routine of screen love, and boosted Cagney to the stardom he still holds.

In his latest picture, *"Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye"*, he has two leading ladies, Barbara Payton and Helena Carter, who share his unique kissing technique—sans grapefruit.

INFLUENTIAL BUSBESSES

The smooth romantic techniques practised by Charles Boyer, Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power and Gregory Peck also have greatly influenced the trend toward lingering loving.

And thanks to the new and overly sensitive microphone, love on the screen has become smackerless and quieter. The late George Arliss was the original proponent of the smack while kissing his leading ladies, but he didn't like to have attention called to it.

Even the talking alien men of the screen, the Gary Coopers, Randolph Scotts and such, are adopting the longer kiss. Cooper practically melts Ruth Roman's lips in Warner Bros. adventure melodrama, *"Dillies"*, and Scott clinches Adele Jergens for moments on end in *"Sugarfoot"*. Both are Technicolor productions.

It has been estimated that 10,000 kisses are exchanged annually for pictures. About ten percent of them appear in the final prints.

Screen kisses have to be handled carefully. They can be helpful to a story or they can make it a comedy of errors. Only the script clerks keep a record of the actual numbers of kisses between players in any picture. The players themselves forget.

TO-DAY ONLY **MAGNETE** AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

THE BIG CAT

Colour by **TECHNICOLOR**

Lon McCallister • Peggy Ann Garner
Preston Foster

ADDED! LATEST WARNER PATHE NEWS

OPENS TO-MORROW, 5 SHOWS
SUNDAY EXTRA SHOW AT 12.00 NOON
JAMES STEWART • JOAN FONTAINE
in **"YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY"**

ORIENTAL AIR CONDITIONED

Take Any Eastern Tram Car or Happy Valley Bus

Final Showing To-Day: 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

Never before on the Screen! New and Greatest

Adventures of Sabatini's Daring Buccaneer!

FORTUNES OF CAPTAIN BLOOD

LOUIS HAYWARD

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

with Patricia Medina • George Macready • Alfred Reed • Dana Drake • Louis Calhern

Commencing To-Morrow: **"GAL WHO TOOK THE WEST"**

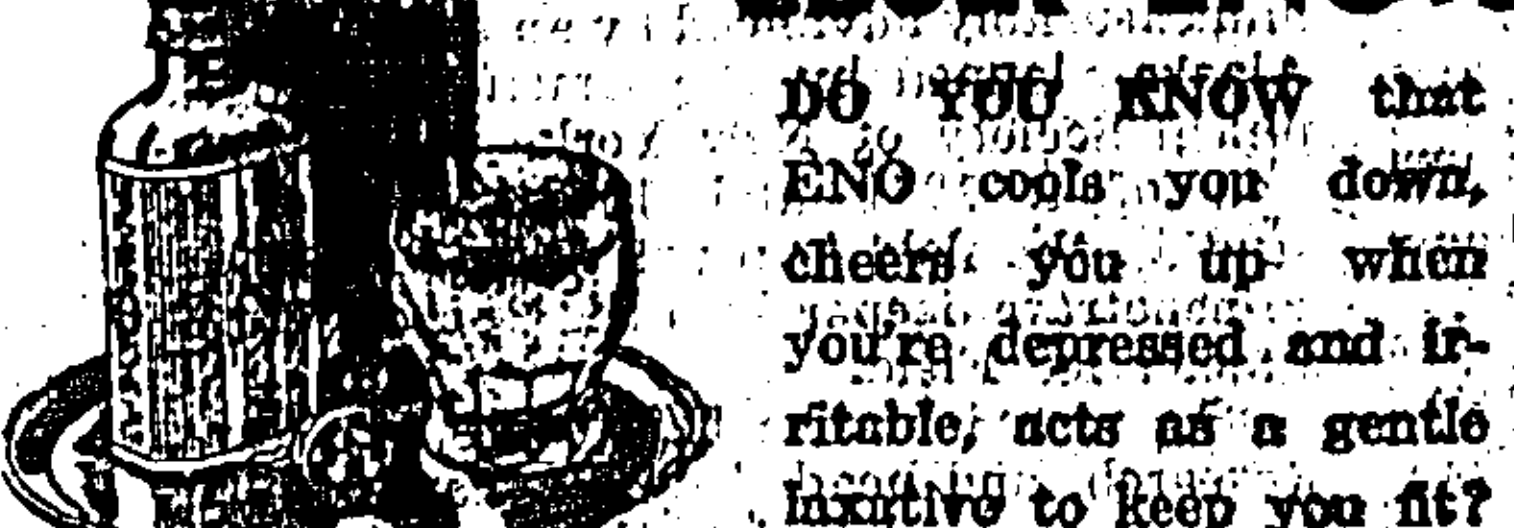
SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30

RETURN ENGAGEMENT BY PUBLIC REQUEST!

Bud & Lou in **"HERE COMES THE CO-EDS"**



What do you know about ENO?



ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

First Showing in Hong Kong

SHOWING TO-DAY

OUTRAGE

First Showing in Hong Kong

SHOWING TO-DAY

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First Showing in Hong Kong

SHOWING TO-DAY

OUTRAGE

WHAT'S GOING ON

By EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE

THE girl who sold Professor Pontecorvo the airline tickets which took him and his family from Rome to Stockholm has arrived in London.

She is a dark, small, attractive, and animated Central European. Her family is on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain and she is Stateless. Her name is Ani Radmiska.

She remembers the Pontecorvos well, she told me, because they caused her so much trouble in the Rome ticket office where she works. They came in on August 30 and made provisional bookings for themselves and their three children for September 1.

She says: "They didn't look very interesting. I was struck more than anything by their shabbiness. They seemed kind of crumpled."

Returned alone

Because Ani thought them too poor-looking to afford the fare she got a colleague that they would not come back. And by noon on the 31st, which was the deadline, her bet seemed won.

Pontecorvo had not returned, and the bookings were cancelled.

At four o'clock, however, he came, alone. Ani had to get busy renewing the bookings.

The price of the tickets was equivalent to £175, and Pontecorvo produced it in lire. She told him that foreigners booking in Rome must pay in dollars, and remembers that this made him very angry. But he returned with hundred dollar bills.

How did Pontecorvo, a British tourist subject to strict currency regulations, get so much money after five weeks touring abroad?

Maximum allowance for him, his wife, and children would be £205, plus £10 for the car. But when they left Pontecorvo declared only £150 in travellers' cheques and £10 in cash.

Latest reports suggest that two men, a Czech and an Italian, who met the professor at Como, provided the funds.

Stella the star

Star role at New York's biggest society function of the season, to take place next month, will be played by 10-year-old Stella Jebb, daughter of Britain's UN delegate, Sir Gladwyn Jebb.

She will represent Princess Elizabeth in a tableau of the royal wedding to be staged by courier, Norman Hartnell. By permission of the Queen, Hartnell is flying from London with duplicates of the wedding and bridesmaids' dresses.

The news had revived American offers to buy the duplicate wedding ensembles. But Hartnell will say "No."

Parting friends

For many people in London the evening of November 9 was a bitter-sweet occasion. Retiring Ambassador and Mrs. Lewis Douglas gave a farewell dance for their daughter Sharman and her young friends.

No U.S. ambassador has been better loved in London. No ambassador's daughter has become so well-known.

She is genuinely fond of Britain, and has made many friends. First among them is Princess Margaret, who was at the dance.

Sharman has her critics, particularly among the more staid Palace officials, who stuffily condemn her as uppity.

But she is gay, bright, and charming. And her critics might do well to remember that, as a normal American girl, she was not brought up to the strict outward conventions of Court life. In the general regret that her father must leave she will not be forgotten.

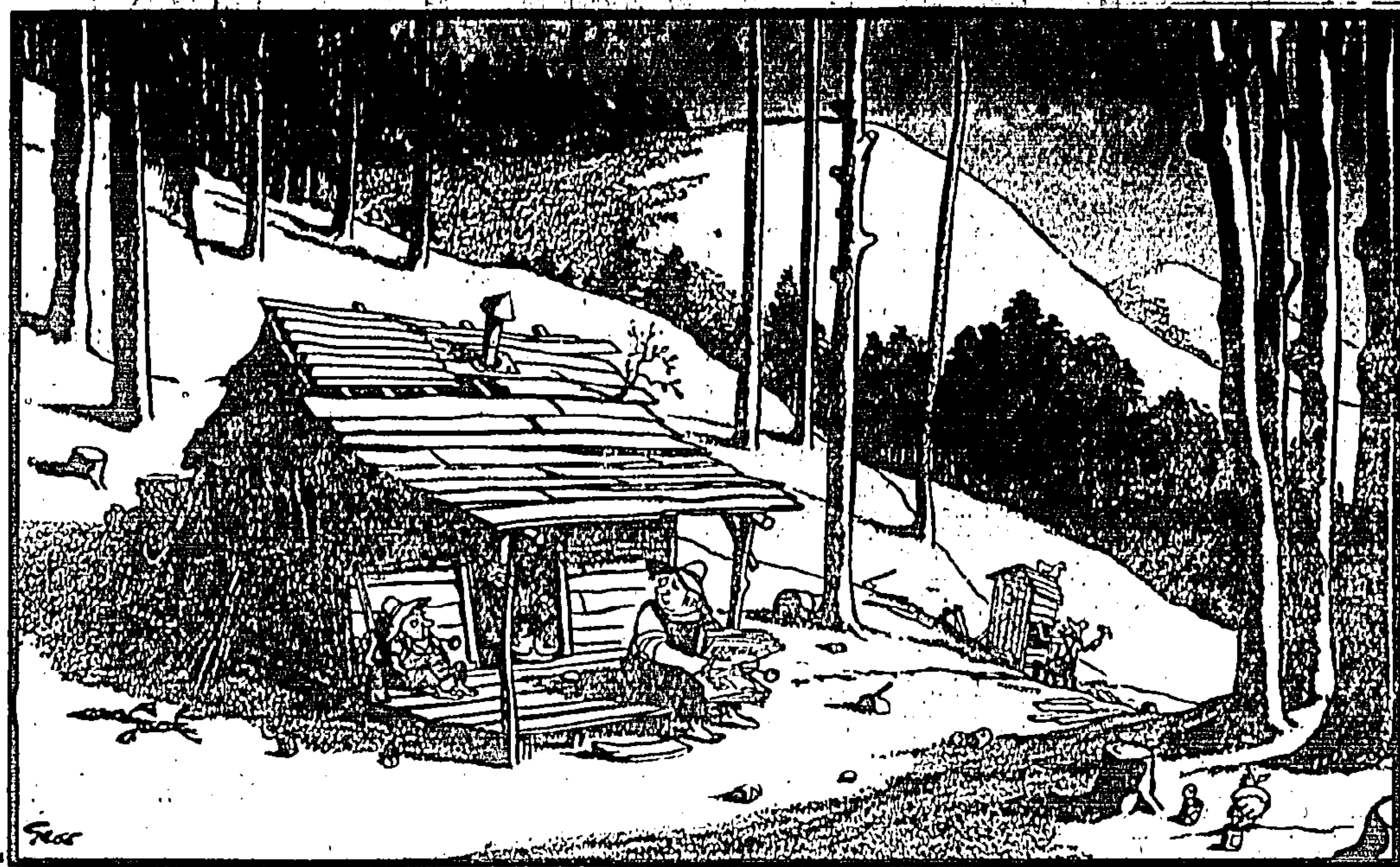
The core of the trouble is that the Nationalists seek to end government of the Island by America.

Pedro Albizu, Campesino leader of the Nationalist Party, has been under police siege in his home in San Juan.

Albizu is a Harvard-educated revolutionary who has served 16 years' term in the Federal Penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia, for insurrectionary activity.

The would-be killers were among the 1,000 Puerto Ricans a month who have fled the island home for Harlem, where half a million Negroes live.

They pay salaries, \$250 a month, to bring them, and to place them in the city, and to all that they do, to be paid.



"Son-go toll Pa that Truman says all Americans have got to quit luxury building." London Express Service

The 'Drill' to protect Mr. President

PART OF A MAN'S TRAINING IS TO DEAL WITH DUMMIES WHO JUMP OUT IN MOCK ATTACK

by PERCY HOSKINS

THE guard on President Truman will have to be strengthened. Victor E. Baughman, head of the U.S. Secret Service, said so following the assassination bid at Blair House.

The President has 18 Secret Service agents, each an expert trigger man, guarding him while he is at Blair House.

This is eight more than are on duty when the President is in residence at the White House, which is now being redecorated.

Michael F. Reilly, former head of the White House

Secret Service, says it was part of the duty of every man who joined the White House bodyguard to use his body as a shield for the President if necessary.

"If the agent didn't think the risk was worth his salary, and I can understand how he might think just that, he could work in any of fifteen other Secret Service districts in the

United States," adds Reilly in his book, "I was Roosevelt's Shadow." He goes on:

"I guess the President is most vulnerable when passing slowly through a city in a motor cavalcade. We always had one car in front of his, filled with Secret Service men and local police officials."

Another car, loaded inside and out with Secret Service men, followed behind the President's car.

More Secret Service agents rode on the running boards of the President's car "if the cavalcade was moving at speed."

Reilly accompanied F.D.R. on his meetings with Churchill and Stalin during the war. He said: "The Secret Service men were instructed never to look at the President. 'We knew he wasn't going to hurt himself.'"

They watched the crowd along the route, the rooftops, windows, and politicians in cars behind the President.

"Each man knew what to do in a given situation, the supervising agent was the quarter-back, calling the plays with his fingers and later with a short wave radio."

"There was no room for strangers in the middle of such a complex co-ordination."

In action

When things were normal, and crowds under control, Position One was adopted. This called for four Secret Service agents to trot alongside the President's car, two each side.

Position two, adopted when everything was going well, was taken when the President's car quickened speed. Then the four agents would jump on to be running-boards of the car.

"But if a man dashed out of the crowd from a point directly in front of the President's car and to his right, the Secret Service agent running or riding in the forward position on the right-hand side would 'take the interloper.'"

"One of the boys in the front car would drop back to replace the busy agent and another of the boys would come out of the second Secret Service car to assist with subduing the man from the crowd."

"We took no prisoners," says Reilly. "We'd just knock them down, usually with a billy club, and let the local police handle them."

"A very similar set-up for every contingency."

"The train cherted with guarding the President hated to see his car stop."

Check-ups

The President's guards, who wear civvies, are appointed and controlled by the U.S. Treasury.

They can be ordered to perform only one other duty: the investigation of any crime connected with the President's security.

RUMOUR PARALYSIS CORRUPTION

PITTSBURGH. WHEN I got off the train at Pittsburgh I carried a newspaper under my arm. Soon I noticed that everyone was looking at me. But I found out a minute later that they were really looking at the newspaper.

By the time I reached the main waiting room two men had offered me half a crown for it. And out in the street the price went up to 3s 6d.

There was a queue waiting for the out-of-town papers that my train had brought in. Top price for a 100-page Sunday edition, comics, magazine sections, and all, was, they told me, 14s.

Yes, in Pittsburgh now, the man with a newspaper is every bit as popular as the tobaccoist with cigarettes.

That is because Pittsburgh, which likes to call itself "the industrial heart of the nation," is a newspaperless city.

Usually it has three of them with a total circulation of 755,000 a day. But for nearly a month now their presses have been silent.

A strike of the men who bundle up the papers as they come off the press is the cause of it all.

Shopping

WHAT happens in a city which suddenly loses its Press? That is a question which should be of more than academic interest to newspaper readers.

What, then, is a newspaperless town like? My first impression as I strolled around the famous Golden Triangle was that I saw so few women.

How was that? Well, there are no newspapers, and therefore no department store advertisements. And in just a month that fact has changed

THE CITY WITHOUT NEWSPAPERS

by C. V. R. THOMPSON

the habits of thousands of women. They have begun to buy from the local shops which can do all their advertising in their own shop windows.

The consequences of this change in habit are extraordinary. The management of the biggest store on Sixth Avenue told me that business had fallen off by £100,000 a week. This during the three best shopping weeks of the year.

Films

THE strike, of course, has caused a serious drop in the bus companies' revenue. One company told me their receipts were down by a third.

The poor cinema managers are sure that nothing can now save them from the bankruptcy court. Bad enough that the women shoppers no longer drop in for a rest and a look at Clark Gable. But now there is nowhere for the cinemas to advertise.

All entertainment, except football, is slumping. Always pullions for culture, the people are usually in such a hurry to book tickets for the ruunni symphony concert: season that by now there is not a ticket left.

But not this season. Hardly anyone knows even that the conductor of the year, Victor de Sabata, has been having Ellis Island trouble.

Nearly every policeman in the force turned out for the traffic jams they expected for the opening of the International Air Show. But though it was the first show in 10 years the crowds did not turn up.

Even the attendance at funerals has fallen off. There are no more death notices.

That has the florists wringing their hands too. Perhaps the most surprising effect of no newspapers is that people talk less.

People no longer order bargains by mail. The absence of society news has given women less reason to gossip. There are no calls in reply to small advertisements.

Revenue

THE majority opinion of the vanished newspapers was against the party which is in power locally, the Democrats. Yet the local Government headed by Mayor David Lawrence, is doing its best to end the strike.

There are several reasons. First, the Administration depends on prospering business for a large part of its revenue. There is a mercantile tax on everyone in business, and a local amusements tax in Pittsburgh.

With ordinary business down 63 per cent, and with the amusement business down 49 per cent, because there are no newspapers, fewer taxes are coming in.

The most urgent reason provides a fine example of how dangerous it can be to deprive a community of its Press. There is a big graft probe going on in Pittsburgh.

It happened that the grand jury which started the inquiry made its first charges a few days before the newspapers stopped publishing.

They Say...

A RUMOUR, started, as rumours do when a citizenry is suddenly returned to the back-fence area.

The rumour said that the city Government had deliberately ordered the strike in order to escape the bad publicity it had been getting from the inquiry.

Said an editor of one of the closed papers: "You won't find anyone in town today who doesn't believe that entirely false rumour is absolutely true."

(London Express Service)

Puerto Rico

THE LURE OF HARLEM DRAWS ITS MEN AWAY

by NEWELL ROGERS

NEW YORK.

THE first thing you need to know about President Truman's would-be assassins is that they do not speak and act for the Puerto Rico people.

The two and a quarter million people crowded on that lush, tropical isle on the edge of the Caribbean are no more represented by the gangsters than all the Jews in Palestine were represented by the Stern Gang terrorists.

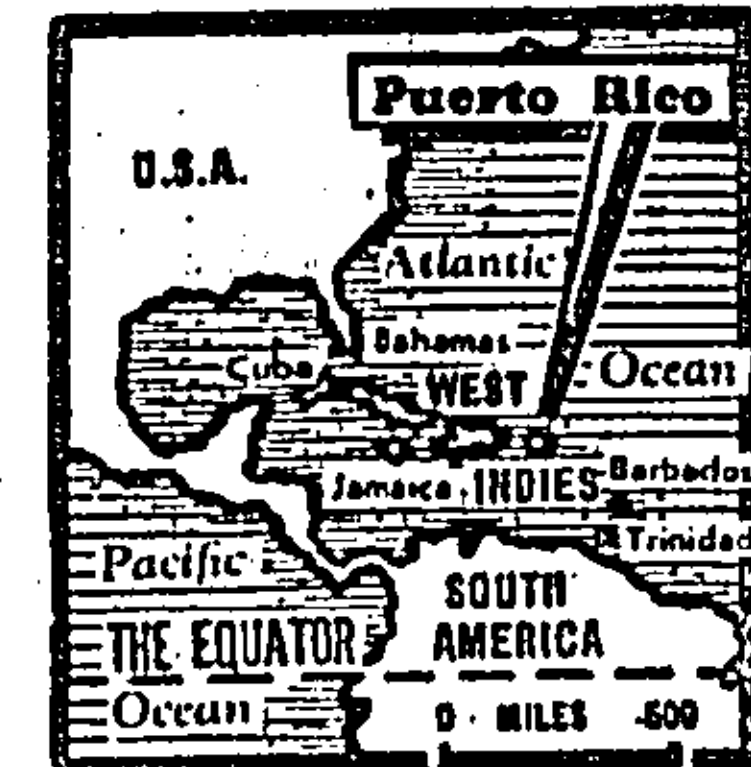
The core of the trouble is that the Nationalists seek to end government of the Island by America.

Pedro Albizu, Campesino leader of the Nationalist Party, has been under police siege in his home in San Juan.

Albizu is a Harvard-educated revolutionary who has served 16 years' term in the Federal Penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia, for insurrectionary activity.

The would-be killers were among the 1,000 Puerto Ricans a month who have fled the island home for Harlem, where half a million Negroes live.

They pay salaries, \$250 a month, to bring them, and to place them in the city, and to all that they do, to be paid.



America took over the island in her war with Spain in 1898. She gave independence to Spain's other Caribbean colony, Cuba, but kept the smaller Puerto Rico as a colony. So the Puerto Ricans became Americans.

This is why they can crowd into New York without visas, disregarding the immigration laws.

The U.S. keeps on trying to make things better for them in their home island.

In 1900 Congress passed a law to break up sugar haciendas into 600-acre peasant farms. But it is a tough battle. Puerto Ricans know almost nothing about growing any food except sugar.

Again, and again, Senate commissions of inquiry returned from the island in despair. What the Puerto Ricans like to see is a change. They dislike other ways of living.

Salvador G. O. Browne, former Governor of the island, said: "The Puerto Ricans are a people who are not interested in the future of their island, but only in the present."

1928 1930 1935 1938 1942

Frigidaire

THE BEST THEN!

The FRIGIDAIRE Refrigerator illustrated on the right was installed some 22 years ago for the Hong Kong Jockey Club and though still capable of giving service has now been replaced with its 1950 equivalent of the same thoroughbred strain.



1948

THE BEST NOW!

1949 1950

You just can't match FRIGIDAIRE!

FRIGIDAIRE - America's No. 1 Refrigerator

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FOR AN ABUNDANCE of really good food, — cooked just as you prefer it — and for the widest selection of wines and spirits to complement your food —

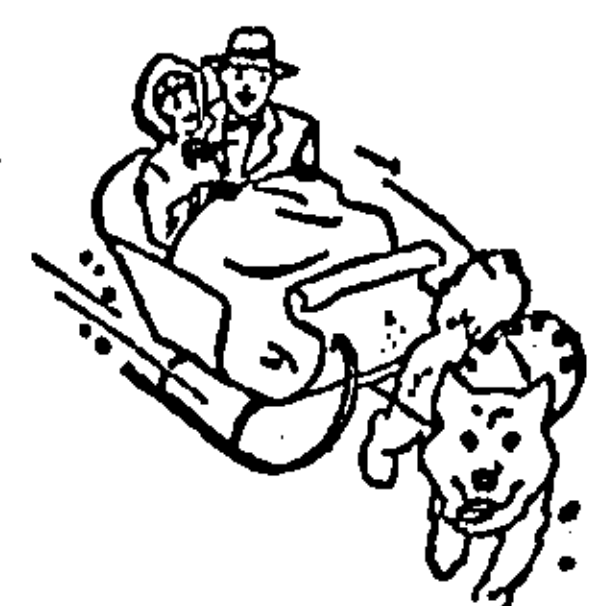
There's no place like

Café Wiseman

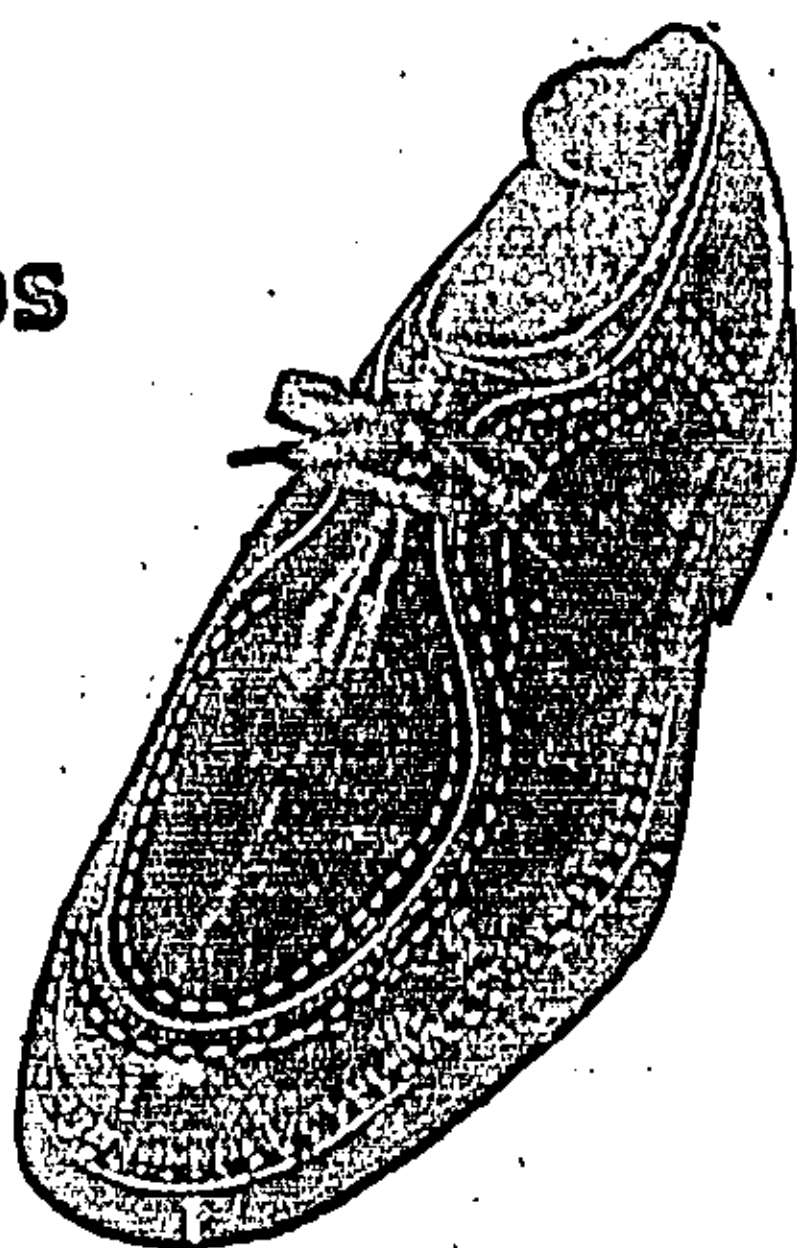
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LIFE IS CERTAINLY FAR AHEAD OF US ON MARS

Is Another World Watching Us?

— Chapter 10 —

THE image of Mars is never steady long enough for our present plates to take a perfectly clear photograph. We do depend—and that has made the canal controversy so difficult and even jitter—because we have to depend on drawings made by astronomers, as moment by moment, for an instant, the image clears, and we see with a clarity that the photographic plate is too slow to record.

Well, then, is not everything speculation, and critics and believers, all in the same boat of drifting ignorance? No.

For even before the huge 100in. telescope was brought to bear on our Mars mystery (and even it has not been able to give us a clear photo—for that we are waiting for the 200in. mirror to be worked when Mars next comes close), even before our telescope power was what it now is, the spectroscopic and the thermocouple had got to work on the problem.

Life-blood

The spectroscopic is a magic resolver of chemical questions. The judgment that Mars has—or has not—oxygen and carbon-dioxide can be settled more or less by this means.

The thermocouple can tell what the temperature is on the surface of the planet.

First the spectroscopic showed that the caps were not frozen carbon-dioxide but true frozen water. The very way they melt in "spring" shows that this is water—not dry ice melting, or, one should say, water melting, for dry ice doesn't "melt," it vaporizes straight away from solid to gas.

But the negatives counter-attacked. "The caps are empty near-frost— their spectrum shows that. Try to irrigate with the flow from hear-frost!"

"But the green patches do get green and lose their sere appearance when the spring comes on the polar cap melting." "Ah, but we have two nice back-handers for your hopes on this

very point. The thermocouple gives you one and the spectroscopic gives you the other.

"The thermocouple shows that the heat is actually greater above the green patches than on the red desert. Now everyone knows that air over a forest is always cooler than air over even ordinary open land, let alone a red desert!"

"The buffet from the spectroscopic is even more flooring—the spectroscopic shows that the so-called vegetation belts or patches don't give the same spectral reaction that crops give—the very substance and life-blood of our vegetation—should give."

New victory

SUN, there is a counter-attack to this cover check. At least the thermocouple's verdict of death can be reversed.

For a Soviet astronomer (perhaps they have a loyalty to a red planet) showed from work on the furthest north spruces and other conifers, that these trees, which have to face sub-zero temperatures, have already reacted to that danger by an amazing device.

Their fine, narrow "leaf" actually can hold heat, and they, in point of fact, do so for themselves a blanket of warmth, to keep out the intolerable cold, under which they can survive.

All we see in Mars is not an anomaly that opposes the hope of life, but, as a matter of fact, one of life's new victories, the beginning of which we are witnessing on our own frontier of utter cold.

Life is certainly far ahead of us on Mars. And we may ask, for the question is critical and really decisive, if life down here started under the most favourable and protected conditions—in shallow sea pools, near the shore, sheltered by warm mists, and then has gone on, under a clearing and "golding" sky? What does that suggest?

Iron tint

And further, if it has not only done that but, while conditions have become more favourable, it has climbed from the shore (yes, and as Bees has shown, life has dove into the black of the deep, and in the form of those animals called Daphnia—the really quite nice sea slug-like creatures parading the seafloor of the ultimate ocean) if life has gone down and up—why, it is carrying the offensive against death, carrying the war right into the enemy's country!

Life isn't losing, it's winning. That fact of the thermocouple's finding interpreted in the light of what we now know about the offensive fight, being carried on by our own trees against the Arctic sub-zero cold, that fact may help us, too, to answer the spectroscopic when it says these so-called growths on Mars are not vegetation.

For is chlorophyll the only "life-blood" that a vegetable can use? Take our own blood. We use iron, which gives our gore its tint.

Same substance

But the crustaceans also have a blood of a sort. And though it is red, they have made their crimson life-fluid out of a copper base.

He knew that Vanadium, a rare element, is used by vast numbers of a small sea-creature to make its blood.

It has also been suggested that there have been forms of life that used manganese as a base for their life-fluid.

There seems to have been a time in our own geological past when there were trees which had manganese in their circulation. And finally we have found that even on our own world there are forms of vegetation that do not use chlorophyll.

We used to think life had only one way of getting up to consciousness, one very narrow in the clinal crack or canyon in the blank face of things, and that somehow, by blind luck, life leaked through, only to fall and perish at the top. But that picture does not seem, at all inevitable.

So there is no reason that there should not be life on Mars—the planet is further out than us—50 million miles further out.

There is no doubt it is ahead of us, and therefore could manage better with its more strenuously rationed resources than we could.

It is also smaller than us, and so would have gone through the first stages of its history quicker. But it is of the same substance—as ourselves, and that substance has nourished life.

Partners

"But only vegetation, remember!" comes the warning voice. But has vegetation ever been found without mobile life—didn't they both spring from the same root—is not a yeast right at the division of the ways—can there be vegetation and not animal life?

Isn't there partners? And that is the conclusion of most Mars observers today. For there can be no doubt that gradually in the last 20 years the attitude that assumed life on Mars was the natural reaction of human sentimentality is not anything like as strong as it was. Indeed, we may say that up to date—in the last three or four years—the Lifers have won most informed opinion from the Non-Lifers.

"Yes," it is allowed, "there is vegetation."

Another Soviet astronomer has come in on this less-matter-of-fact side. He has added that the amount of carbon-dioxide that is found on Mars—or in its spectrum—is not as high as should be found if there were no vegetation, but balances nicely with the balance that vegetable life would make, for, of course, it is the vegetation that takes up carbon-dioxide and the animal's power of dealing with oxygen that make one of their strongest symbiotic ties and mutual services.

Insect life

Professor B. A. Vorontsov-Velyaminov has declared that the atmosphere on Mars contains approximately the same percentage of carbon-dioxide as that on the earth, while Dr. Tikhov pointed out that there must be plant life on Mars because without plant life the carbon-dioxide content would be much higher.

We know that it is because plant-life can absorb carbon-dioxide and give out oxygen that it is possible for us to get the oxygen we need and not be asphyxiated by the CO₂ we breathe out.

But what sort of animal—putting aside the question whether there could be an intelligent animal—what sort of animal could exist on such a desert as Mars?

Dr. Gerard P. Kuiper, of Chicago, one of the great authorities on the atmospheres of our fellow planets, said in the middle of March this year: "No form of life as we know it could exist on Mars but insect life."

Real crisis

Now it is at this point that we reach a real crisis in this story. If there is vegetation there is pretty certainly insect life. Further, we know how far insects have gone with us.

Three quite different branches of the vast tree of life have stretched up—each in its own way and achieved a little twist in it that we call social management, through their bodies may not elaborate economies, masterly though their bodies may not

co-operation, triumphs of co-ordinated specialisation that we thought, when we started to think of such things, were confined strictly to ourselves, to the great-brained creature called man.

The ants, the termites—which, of course, though a dirty white, are not ants at all but may be sprung from some sort of aspidopteran cockroach—and thirdly and most familiar to us (because of its long-suffering power of making what we need, sugar) the bee, the honey bee.

More acute

The ants have slaves and "cows" and till a fungus crop and forage and store—yes and even (the only creature save ourselves to do so) have real wars and capture and enslave their captives.

The termites are even more acute—actually running ahead of our wildest "Eugenists" and breeding soldiers, mighty warriors to defend their castle, special trap-mouthed termites who can cut an invader in half with their huge jaws.

Indeed in the studies that in the last fifty years have been made with the ants and the termites it seemed that the poor bee was being left behind.

We had thought that it was the perfect model of efficient self-effacing industry to hold up before boy and girl. Of course there was the ant, but the bee was better.

By
GERALD
HEARD

But now they get and the termite seem even more industrious, more self-effacing—though the by-product of the one is not honey, but only ants' eggs, and the by-product of the other is—if you live where they work—you will know it—honey. Honey is their food, their life, their very soul, for wood, not flowers, is their diet.

But in any case the insects have given us many surprises. They are intelligent invertebrates in a way most surprising and even to the point of being a little disquieting.

What if they should wish to take over? Be assured, the entomologists have replied, they can't. They took the wrong turn long, long ago.

They didn't evolve lungs. They breathe through holes all over their bodies. This is a very crude way of respiration. It has, therefore, one great limitation, luckily for us—it limits your size. The insect can never get large.

Little twist

One of the largest is the tarantula spider, perhaps as much as a couple of inches in length of body, or a little more. And we know the size of bee, ant, termite.

Besides, not only does their size make them helpless against us (their physique limits them, handicaps them hopelessly), but their minds, too, are ingenuities they seem and maybe are, but inventive, no, responsive to new conditions, never again.

Why? Because they settled down millions of years ago. Before we had even thought of thinking they had—done, for good and all, all of theirs.

Their little hard, encased bodies are not so hard and stiff and shut up as their little, and instinct-bound and riveted minds. We can find in amber, millions of years old, and may be, of scores of millions and more, old, perfect examples preserved of ants which are just like the ants of today.

Of course, that argument has a little twist in it that we call social management, through their bodies may not elaborate economies, masterly though their bodies may not

have changed for geological ages we can't prove by that that their minds haven't.

If we take the skull of that Plesiothric man, Cro-Magnon man, we find that it is as big, wide, and high, and as roomy inside, as ours. But can that person have our ideas or powers? He had not even the simplest agriculture. He seems to have been a very simple hunter. We do not know that he had even a hut to live in.

His mind is shown by some contemporary art and tools, seems that of a rather simple mind, still at the level when, for instance, there comes "eidetic imagery"—that is, the images in your mind appearing to be objective pictures, seen, say, against a blank wall.

Brain size

So as our own minds have grown enormously in the last score thousands of years (though our brains may still take up no more room) so too the bees' minds may have grown, though their brains are not larger than their ancestors'.

This is all the more likely when we remind ourselves further that the more efficient a brain is the less, not the more, room, it may take up.

We have discovered that it is the shape of the convolutions that give us some better correlation of brain to mind, more size. Some insects have very large brains.

And one of them has a brain that was so small as to be close to that level usually associated with "microcephalic idiots." But the convolutions, the deep foldings, were very deep.

Finally when we consider that we know very far less about a bee's brain than we do about our own and our knowledge of our own brain has proved quite baffling in a number of cases—we must conclude that we can do little to study, still less to understand, a bee's mind by looking at its brain.

Far simpler

What we must do is what we do with ourselves when we want to gauge intelligence. We watch how the mind that is using the body works—what can it do, design, create? We know that bees have come a long way by that test.

It is pretty certain that they started far simpler in their way of life than they are now—as we started without gear and goods and plant and tools and cities and transport.

It is generally conceded that the bees, who now have cities and an hierarchical society, came up from solitary form, many of which still survive.

From that they have built up cities and the organization of supply, distribution of power, and order of succession in a manner so masterly that beside it, our own efforts along these same lines still look very amateurish and dangerously incompetent.

It has good eyes, wonderful eyes. Yet so blinded is it by instinct, that it just can't see that it has—been utterly frustrated.

It certainly is as pretty a demoralization of something having gone wrong with instinct, with race memory, as you could wish.

But, says the critic with assured finality, all this is in vain. For bees are, hopelessly instinct-ridden.

They really don't know how they do it and indeed they, the individual bees, can do nothing about it and probably know nothing about it, about the whole process and economy, the plan and the policy.

To this question, then, who does? The usual believer in "instinct" gives a polite shrug of the shoulders.

As to the basic idiocy of even the most skilled of the insects we are asked to look at the widely publicised Sphinx wasp, whose absurdities so amused Fabre and many another naturalist.

This solitary wasp hovers uneasily on the edge of apparent intelligence—only and always to tumble off helplessly on the side of complete senselessness.

We all know how it makes a mud-cement nest for its egg which it hasn't yet laid. How, the cell all ready, it lays the egg in the receptacle.

Then off it goes to fetch a caterpillar to act as food for the grub, which will come out of the egg, in due time, a due time that the mother will never see.

Race memory

That being so the caterpillar must oblige by doing two things—one it must stay still wait to be eaten by the egg that has yet to become an eater, but two, it must not stay too still, that is lie in state, dead, or by the time the caterpillar would have decomposed.

The caterpillar is kept from and lively for its enemy by being stung in the hinder of its nerve ganglia, so without refrigeration but with the aid of paralysis it will be preserved.

This seems a perfect if grim procedure, showing a wonderful sense of provision.

But, and this has been proved again and again, while the mother is off caterpillar-hunting, you can remove the egg from the cell. Then you can watch and—sure enough—the Sphinx comes back with a caterpillar, and never seeming to notice that the egg has gone—the reason d'être of the whole procedure—it proceeds to wall up the caterpillar in the empty receptacle and then goes off content.

It has good eyes, wonderful eyes. Yet so blinded is it by instinct, that it just can't see that it has—been utterly frustrated.

It certainly is as pretty a demoralization of something having gone wrong with instinct, with race memory, as you could wish.

(Copyright—London Express Service.)

(MORE ON MONDAY)

Socialists Mild, Tories Bitter

(Beer can be prescribed for patients by doctors under Britain's National Health Service scheme.—News Item.)

Eleckshuns now 'd be just a larri

Wot 'ope 'ave the Tories got?

Wen a cove 'n go ter 'is doe—not 'arf—

An' be 'anded 'is National Pot,

'Is tankard full of the foamy ale

Wot makes our fooman fear?

No wunner it makes ole Winston wall—

But 'ere's ter Nashunul Beer!

Nashunul Beer by the barrel, boys,

Wot the N.H.S. prescribes,

Stuff as a Socialist enjoys

In spite uv the Tories' jibes

We've stood the blood an' the tears an' sweat

Frum year ter blinkin' year.

But it ain't too bad now we're goin' ter get

Our spot o' Nashunul Beer!

Wiv Nashunul Toupee ter 'ide our plight,

Nashunul Specs on nose,

An' Nashunul Teeth our beef ter bite

We'll bear our nashunul woe!

Wot do we care for Winston's wrath?

It's Anasrah gets the cheer

Frum the workin' boys as they blow the froth

Frum their pint o' Nashunul Beer!

Three times a day



PRICES DOWN AT THE DAIRY FARM

FISH
Pickled in Tomato Sauce 9 oz tin \$1.20
Tartar Sauce 4 oz tin \$1.20
Fresh Mackerel Fillets 1 lb tin \$1.20
Pickled Herring 1 lb tin \$1.20

VEGETABLES
Smedley's Rhubarb No. 3 tin \$1.20
Edgill's Jellies 4 oz tin \$1.20
Lemon Caster Sugar 1 lb tin \$1.20
Birds Eye Frozen Peas 1 lb tin \$1.20

SWEETS
Hunt's Stewed Bore Cherries No. 2 tin \$1.20
Mother's Choice Spanish Oranges per pkt \$1.20
C.A.B. Jelly Crystal 4 oz tin \$1.20

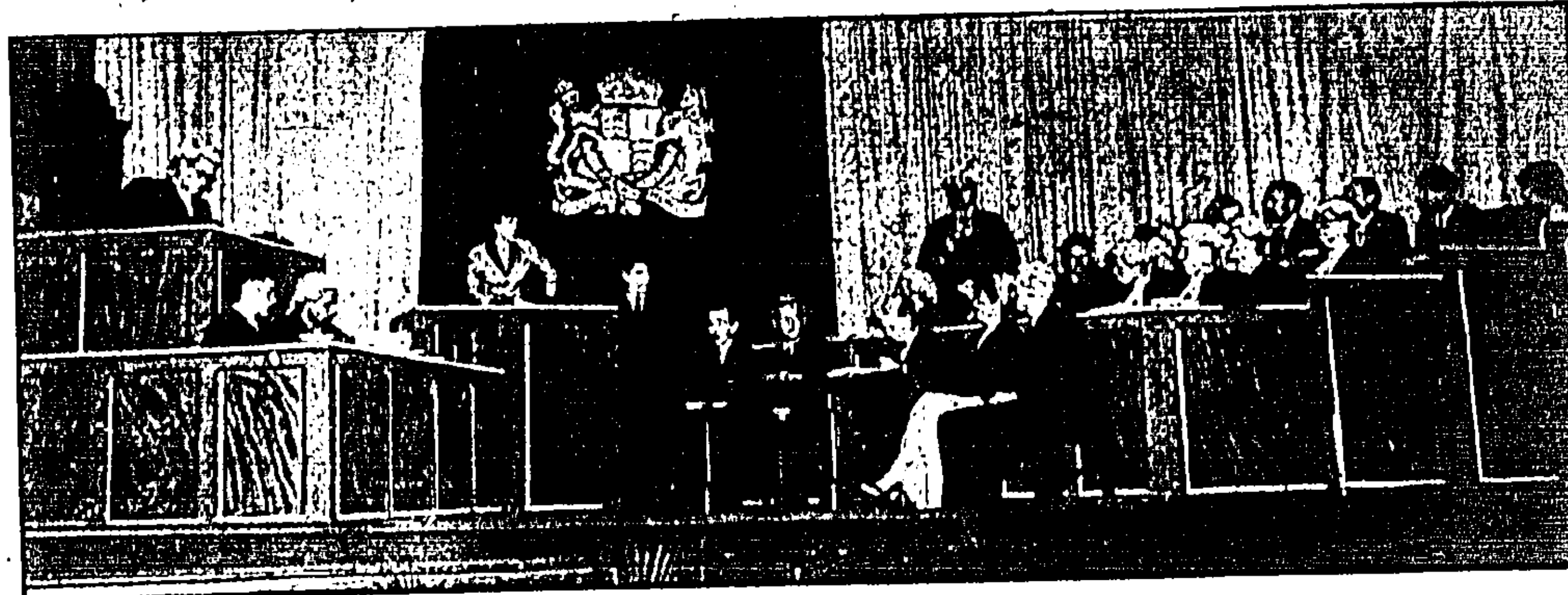
SPECIALS
MARGARINE 2 lb tin \$1.20
P.A. MUSHROOM KETCHUP 1 pt bottle \$1.20

CHEESES
"B. L." Cheddar 1 lb tin \$1.20
"B. L." Cheddar 4 oz tin \$1.20
"B. L." Cheddar 2 oz tin \$1.20

DAIRY FARM



Consul-General for Panama, Mr. Eduardo E. Linaros, and his wife welcoming guests to the reception given last week to celebrate Panama's National Day. Right: Mr. Linaros in conversation with His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham. (Staff Photographer)



SCENE from the Hongkong Stage Club's recent production of "Libel," the well known play by Edward Woolf. (Ming Yuen)



RIGHT: Group picture taken at St Teresa's Church last week after the wedding of Mr. Kenneth Douglas Soyoy and Miss Oriol Cecilia Loy. (Staff Photographer)



WUDORE L. N. Brownfield, who distributed prizes at the annual graduation day of the Diocesan Boys' School last week, congratulates one of the successful students. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Wai Eu Chen and Miss Yuen Lin Chu, who were married at the Hongkong Hotel recently. (Francis Wu)



JENNIFER Susan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Tucker, was christened at St Peter's Chapel last Saturday. Picture taken to commemorate the event. (Era)



MR. Yuen Zon Ven helps his bride, formerly Miss Ng Wai Zoo, to cut the cake at the reception following their recent marriage at the Hongkong Hotel. (Kam Sing)



YOUNGSTERS in fancy dress line up to sing a song at the Hallowe'en party given at the Taikoo Club. The charming young "amah" on the left is little Patricia Steven. (Golden Studio)



PICTURE taken after the christening at St Teresa's Church last Saturday of Anthony Kenneth, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. Evans. (Ming Yuen)



PICTURE taken on the occasion of the christening of Colin Anthony, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Dempster, at the Rosary Church. (Mainland Studio)

New from PHILCO
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Only Refrigerator at its price with FULL-WIDTH HORIZONTAL Freezing Compartment

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Yes! HERE'S REAL ADVANCED DESIGN AT LOWEST PRICE EVER

New Double Utility Trays

Use as separate food trays

As meat storage or vegetable crisper

Self-Closing Door Latch

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3-Year Warranty

Fashion & fit
from heel to toe...



Ferncraft

at

Paquerette

Oldastra
JACKETS

for
MEN and WOMEN.

SUEDE
POPLIN
VENTILE
LEATHER

ARE NOW ON SHOW
IN OUR WINDOWS.

KANGOL BERETS
ARE IN KEEPING:
NAVY, BROWN, GREEN.

MACKINTOSH'S
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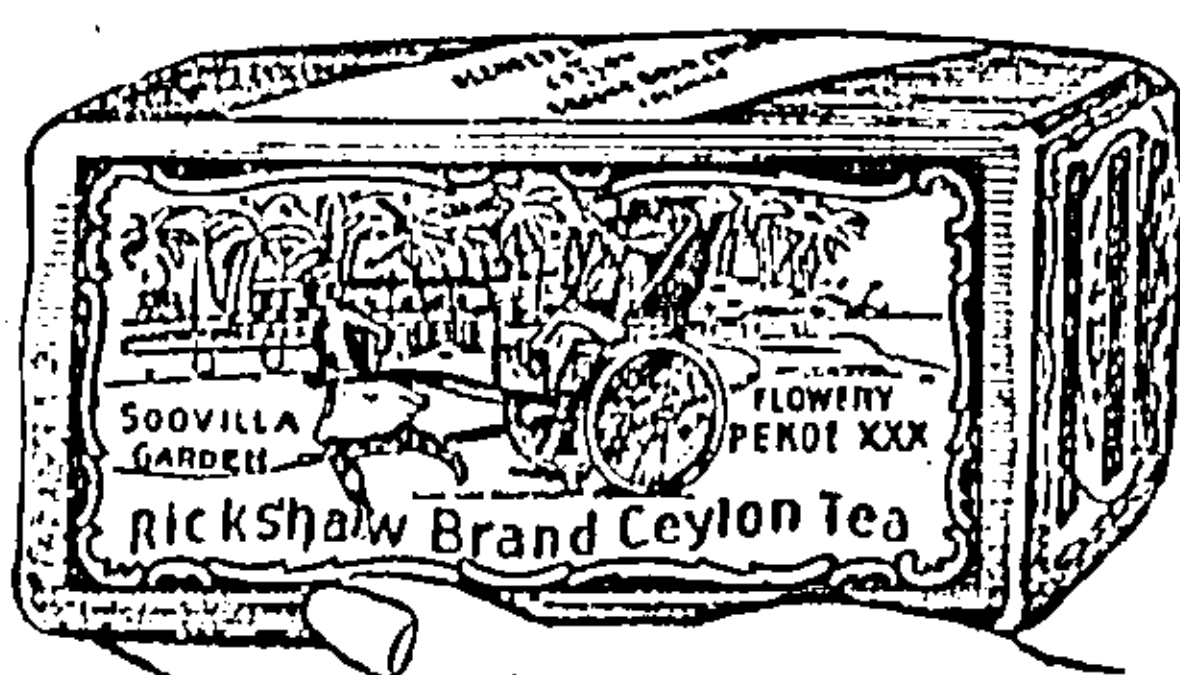
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ON SALE EVERYWHERE

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The Cult Of The Boutique

Three things are essential should you want to patronise the Paris-born boutiques in London, and they are: a large car, a poodle and—a bored look.

LONDON.

ONE by one, the Paris-born boutiques are opening in London. These small shops, attached to the leading dress houses, are as individual as the salons themselves. They are worlds apart from the hurly-burly of the bargain stores or the gentle bustle of the big dress departments. Here, a somewhat cloistered atmosphere prevails.

Prices are competitive with the model houses. That is to say, they are approximately half the "haute couture" cost, with the added glory of a famous name and distinctive cut.

Three requisites

We would warn you gently, in advance, that there is a certain procedure to be followed should you decide to patronise the high fashion houses or their new boutiques. You still require three things—a large car, a new dog (poodle or boxer, both are fashionable), and a bored expression. The bored look is quite essential in this year of grace, 1950, though why is a matter for some conjecture.

Boutique No. 1—Hardy Amies

ALTHOUGH not the first boutique to open, this one, situated in Savile Row is becoming very well-known. The concentration is entirely upon suits and top-coats, and the export side of the business is steadily developing.

The boutique salon matches the house. There is nothing in the pale grey walls and soft grey carpets to detract the eye, as the clothes are brought forth from their hallowed resting ground behind grey doors. The only decoration is a huge bowl of leaves and flowers, glowing brightly in one corner.

No frill & fancies here

There are no frills and fancies here. The suits all have that timeless, ageless look of quality about them that goes with superb tailoring and world-renowned fabrics.

A fine purple tweed, with a narrow broken black line through it, made a tailored suit that has proved a best seller. Soft oatmeal and white Scotch tweed was used for a straight jacket with double-breasted fastening and side vents. It was worn over matching skirt, in a lighterweight version of the same tweed.



ILLUSTRATED is a black and white check velvet box coat specially designed by Matti. Interesting features are the flap under the half-belt at the back, the wide cuffs and the low pocket flaps in front.

All that glitters is not gold

EVERY other year Britain's Design and Research Centre for the gold, silver, jewellery and allied industries holds a competition to encourage progress in design. Judging by the ideas submitted by this year's prize-winners—the majority of the competitors were students—some interesting new types of jewellery may become fashionable. A second prize winner design is for an individual piece of jewellery in precious stones and precious metals, the precious stones being beautifully studied with stones, their bristles of metal.

A gem-set watch also won a second prize. This showed a watch face set in a jewelled sunflower, its bracelet shaped like leaves and finished with jewelled safety fasteners. A girl student of Birmingham, England, won a third prize in the same section with a fob watch, the face of which was set between two jewelled edges and covered by a little flap which is raised when the wearer wants to know the time.

The competitors were particularly successful in designing Christening sets. Older babies will appreciate one charming set—plate, beaker, napkin ring and spoon—designed for them. All kinds of interesting toys are chased in the centre of the lovely plate.

JEWELLERY this year according to jewellery firms is more exciting than it has been in years with extreme

There are two interesting points to note. Firstly, there are no fitted town coats at all, and secondly, the skirts are no longer slit at the sides. Crystal pleating in the skirt of a black barathen town suit, and flat pleats in the back of country skirts are the only departure from the straight light line.

Colours range from rust red mingled with green to all shades of neutral and beige. There is hardly any padding in the shoulders, and very little bulkiness. Tuxedo fronts which can be buttoned over, or left open, are popular. The general impression gained was that of a graceful, smooth country line.

All the clothes are ready-made in American fittings. Nothing here is made to measure. Next year it is hoped to include tailor-made dresses, and perhaps blouses, in the boutique.

Boutique No. 2—Matti

THIS delightful little boutique is infinitely more Parisian than any of the others. A long white stone stair-case, with a statue of the Virgin and Child at the bottom, leads to a tiny alcove literally crammed with charming accessories of all kinds.

The freshness of spring flowers, violets, lilacs-of-the-valley and buttercups, mingle with the sophistication of fringed grosgrain and satin scarves in tangerine and gold. Long elegant umbrellas with unusual handles; handmade French suede gloves; we noticed particularly a short buff pair with ink-blue stencilled pin-stripes; imitation bamboo hatpins; stitched belts and flat envelope handbags; chokers of fine glass beads with a crystal flower in the centre; little figures in national dress made entirely of cleverly worked paper and cotton; and huge real silk hand-made cabbage roses from Paris, are among the pretty accessories to be bought here.

Made-to-measure

Gloves are made to measure. The most expensive are black draped antelope, like the softest imaginable suede, for evening wear. The most dramatic gloves are made of scarlet heavy satin inset with black suede. Pearl drops and black sequins decorated the tops of short gloves for cocktail wear.

Gillets to wear under a suit, in brilliant cerise and flame grosgrain, and tiny knitted caps which have a single button at the back complete the accessories. These little reversible caps can be worn in three different ways.

Dresses are mainly fine black slim-skirted types, with detachable folded grosgrain collars or tweed, made with no bulkiness at all, and an interesting effect achieved by double-seaming.

Evening skirts, too, follow the narrow line. One was draped over and caught into a huge bow on the hip, worn with a silk blouse appliqued with velvet stripes.

The war-time duille coat made a re-appearance, this time in bright green and canary yellow, with hoods and the authentic peg-fastening.

Dresses here are made with two fittings. Nothing is ready-made.

Boutique No. 3—Worth

THIS is the only boutique that claims to have something of everything in it. There is a complete range of coats, suits, dresses, cocktail and evening ensembles. A neat black wool day dress which zipped down the front, had a basque which gave it the appearance of a neat suit.

A cocktail dress of black grosgrain with square collar, had a tight skirt, and no sleeves. Blue and black dull striped ottoman, and plain tinsel nylon organza were used for two evening gowns. "Copper Sheen" was the name given to a full-skirted dress with stripes of copper, black, rust and pale green.

A scarlet soft angora wool dress, with saddle stitching, and matching jacket, was topped by a very masculine tweed coat. Accessories are unusual. Tiny golden bells tinkled on black velvet gloves and on a black velvet choker. Black tassels hang from the side



ILLUSTRATED is a suit designed by Matti. whose boutique is one of the most Parisian in London. The suit consists of a jacket in tobacco and black check velvet and pencil-slim skirt of plain black wool. The jacket has a flat collar which may be worn standing and which forms two horizontal pleats down the front. The unusual umbrella and gilt to wear beneath the jacket can be bought at the boutique.

of a glove, and round the edge of a matching belt. Wide velvet belts for evening had designs of sequins stitched on.

This department in the famous house of Jacques, produces coats and suits at something like half the couture price. They are designed by famous London and New York couturiers. The most popular coat is a reversible one, cut in a complete circle, 7/8 length. Colours are grey—Rayon check of black and red lined with pale blue, and black lined with sage-blue.

Ready-to-wear

Best-selling suits were those in worsted birdseye with no other detail except double pockets. Coats had vast collars which formed neat capes, or could be folded up and doubled. All the clothes from this department are ready to wear, and none is made to measure.

LOOK-FIRST GIRL

... buys for a rainy day

* BECAUSE she is a fashion model, 22-year-old Eve Wynn must look as smart as the smartest. And BECAUSE her budget is limited, she must look twice before she buys. That is why—

EILEEN ASCROFT

chose her as a guide to good shopping.

WHEN Eve Wynn and I went shopping for a waterproof we found the smartest note about most of this season's raincoats is that they don't look like wet-weather styles. Materials are glamorous, colours are gay and many do double duty for winter top-coats as well.

Adaptability is the theme of the perfect winter waterproof. Some styles are completely reversible, like the Pierre Balmain Paris-designed wool gaberdine models which feature matching herods and hats. Others have a two-way silhouette and can be worn either loose or belted with or without hood and others again have zip-in linings for extra warmth on cold days.

Materials include rubber-lined cottons, crepes spun-nyons, chevrons, tartans and stripes in taffetas, gleaming satins and corded velvets.

Attractive colours are the caramel and must brown gaberdines which look smart with black champagne-coloured silk poplin, gleaming red satin to wear over a slim dark down



THE CHOICE Eve Wynn wears her diagonal striped tweed with contrast piping. It cost her £5 18s. 9d.

But Eve already has a winter coat and the wanted a simple raincoat at a low price, lightweight to carry or pack, and smart enough to wear to a fashion engagement.

Her final choice was a single-breasted, tweed with diagonal

and well with her black hair and hazel eyes and Eve liked it best because "it doesn't look like a raincoat and is as warm and comfy as a coat". The runner-up was a utility style in light blue rubber-lined indians, with a tie belt and an attractive gathered back with a deep inverted centre pleat. Eve liked the hood, because it hid the strings that held it firm no matter how hard the wind blew.

Beauty news

MONEY-SAVERS in the bath-room are the cosmetics with attached sprays which save spilling and wastage. Deodorants, brilliancies and talcum powders are already on the market. To join them now come two new kinds of toilet waters, one in a flexible, unbreakable plastic bottle, which operates just by pressing its sides, and the other in a bottle with a screw cap for travelling and a loose screw-on spray.

Eye-piece

WOMEN are buying more coloured plastic spectacle frames today than any other kind, and the leading colour is red. This information comes from a large London optician who are forecasting the half-framed glasses as a future favourite. Most of the new frames are of self-patterned plastics, giving a ripple pearl effect.

Those nylons

If you cannot get three pairs of nylons, don't buy any. An American hosiery testing laboratory gives this piece of advice after discovering that three pairs of nylons of the same colour give five times more wear than a single pair. Average expectation of life of one pair of 15-denier weight stockings is 18 outings, while three matching pairs can be worn an average 90 times. Excellent advice, no doubt, but a little hollow in the ears of English women who have been listening to promises for the last four years of "Nylons soon for all" but know that they still cannot buy even one pair when they want them for a special occasion.

Try This Dry Skin Treatment

By HELEN FOLLETT

THERE are three types of dry skin, the oily, the normal, and the dry. If your complexion is normal, sebaceous glands secrete properly, you should have no trouble.

Local treatment for dry skin consists of persistent attention. After soap and water, use at bedtime, the face be rinsed with warm dried with gentle patting a good reaction from the warm and glowing.

A heavy emollient is this time. Spread it on and face with upward strokes. Tap and stroke over with your fingers, hushing up circulation. The cells will absorb the oils, the underlying skin be toned. Keep on with butter and cream. Let it on over night. In the morning wipe off with a baby square.

Scaling Condition

Cold water is a friend to dry skin. If it is used the scaling condition is aggravated. Sometimes it is possible to use soap of making things worse. In the case, a meal must be substituted. You will find ing grains at any counter. The main tip is finely ground oatmeal, soothing, and clearing a Sprinkle some on a wet cloth, go over the face. It is believed that dryness of the skin may be a diet that lacks fat. Many women, with complexions, have found while following a reduced gramme the skin has dried, and rough. But butter and cream to the condition corrected by.

Plenty of Water

It is necessary to drink of water. A copious of the body weight of fluids, and few women much water as they should. Take a glassful when the morning, another between meals, a fourth time.

When selecting a perfume one with an oily base. It differ in consistency to a degree. Cream perfumes stay by you longer than that come from the counter.

Summing Up

If skin tends to be dry it lots of cream. Creams remain on an organic in the morning, tenders, soft, fluted cushion square.

Our Sewing

SWEATER C

Be Attractive Styles



By Grace Thorne

THIS sweater, made in the fashion field, is a perfect example of a sweater that is both stylish and comfortable. It is made of a soft, warm material and has a simple, elegant design. It is perfect for the cooler weather ahead.

Decide Your Need

view, light and airy. Decide what you want your decorating to be. It should be a reflection of your personality and your taste.

Ideas

MINK COLOURED than the original, but in fashion, it is a new look. It is a soft, warm material that is perfect for the cooler weather ahead.

Single Windows

single windows, a wide fabric in drapery. Cut your drapery to fit the window.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

MANTRAP

DRAWN BY
Robb

TODAY'S WITNESS:

Valentine Dyall

THE
MAN IN
BLACK

"Not that corny old gag," he replied wearily. "A fur coat to show just precisely what the jungle has to help a girl?"

Said Dyall, "I'm devoted to leopards but never on the head."

To show how Valentine Dyall—in spite of himself—can be caught where he feels it most, Robb draws the proof. Today's Mantrap—No. 2 in the series (No. 1 being published last Saturday)—has the sort of face

that stays like that for the next ten years. She wears a hat few could.

But the main thing about her is the ocelot muf. "nice even if a shade vulgar," said Mr Dyall in a voice his radio listeners never hear.

There's only one concession The Man in Black makes to the more orthodox ideas of mantrap equipment: pearls on black suede gloves.

MAKING A HOME IN ONE ROOM

By Eleanor Ross

EFFICIENCY and charm is what it takes to create a successful one-room layout, the type of apartment that is so much in vogue today, especially for young couples who both work. Such an apartment must be scientifically planned and done, if the occupants are to live happily together without jangled nerves, the nerves that sooner or later lead to quarrels.

We have been admiring some smartly handled one-room homes, and it is fine to see how well such things as traffic lanes, adequate air and lighting, a lack of overcrowding, and indeed a fine sense of space have been achieved. And each apartment was totally different in decor.

In the briskly-done modern layout of one couple, the colour scheme has been worked out from the drapery fabric, a handsome, heavy weave in mustard yellow patterned in white, gray, olive green, bitter-sweet, and black in a free tree trunk and leaf design. A black lacquer frame screened in natural cane makes a divider between dining and living

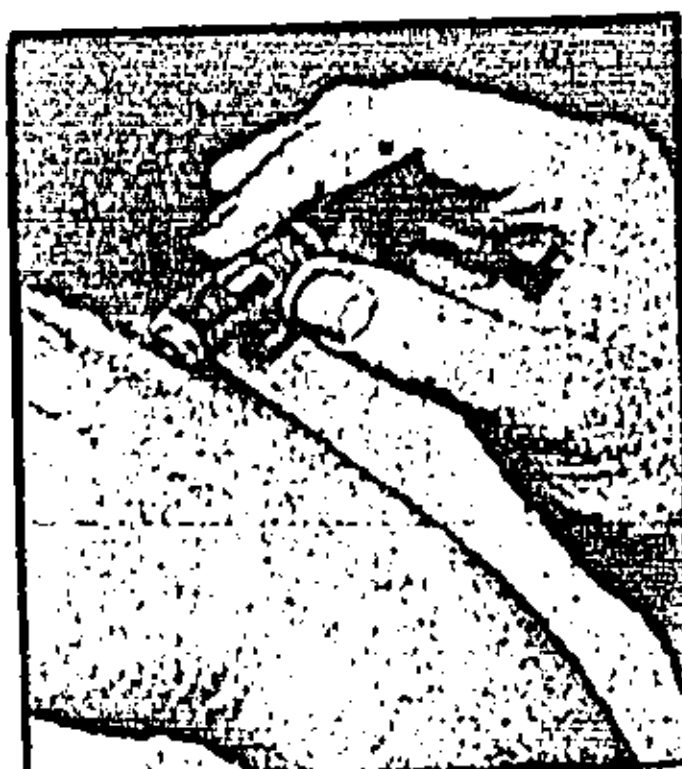
levels. A black oval rug is used with blond furniture with bittersweet upholstery. We admired the long, low radio-phonograph cabinet that doubles as a server, the top finished to withstand heat and stains. A bench supplies extra seating.

In the living section, olive green studio beds flank a commodious storage unit. Another storage unit and bar is lacquered in mustard yellow. Clever rickshaw chairs are covered in nubby white fabric.

Another young couple, he a store buyer, she a copy writer, have chosen informal French provincial for their one-room job, a room in a remodeled old mansion. Peppermint pink is the lively colour for the walls and for the good quality cotton loop rug. Mint green taffeta covers the sofa bed for two. A handsome conventional grouping is dominated by a massive cocktail table of cherrywood and the lounge chairs in a tiny flower-sprigged print. The print is repeated in throw cushions on the sofa and for the ruffles of the pink muslin curtains. Candy stick plaid cotton taffeta is used for the backs of chairs and for seat covers on four side chairs. Lounge chair and ottoman repeat green taffeta and are placed near the radio and record player unit.

A tier-table floor lamp flanks the ottoman. A large table doubles for dining and desk. A handsome server, topped by a shelf unit, is lined with the sprigged chintz. And the entrance to the kitchen unit is concealed by screens with panels of the floral chintz.

One Drop Only



By Joan Dale

This economic perfume holder for the handbag, made of silver metal, has a ball point which releases one drop of perfume at a time. Sold complete with a 1 oz. bottle of eau de cologne, 7s.

—(London Express Service)

FRENCH PORTER BERET BACK

The Basque beret, worn by French porters, takes the place next season of the large pliable berets women have been wearing.

These new, small berets are now worn straight, and slightly to the back of the head.

In Paris, women are wearing them with a wide meshed coarse eye-veil or with a diamante clip pinned straight on the front. These berets are easy to wear with the new hair styles.

Don't blame mouth acids as tooth decay cause

Natural mouth acids, long blamed by dentists as the chief cause of tooth decay, are actually guiltless, a topflight dental scientist reported.

He blamed, instead, a fungus organism which attacks teeth through creating a chemical change in the enamel surface.

Author of the report is Dr James Nuckolls, professor of operative dentistry at the University of California dental school.

He presented his findings before a session of the California State Dental Association's seventy-eight annual convention.

DECAY THEORY—

Doctor Nuckolls' report tended to contradict a widespread belief among dentists that mouth acids are directly responsible for caries (tooth decay) or at least that they play a major part in the process.

As a result nearly all dentists strongly caution their patients against consuming candy, soft drinks and other foods containing refined sugar. That form of sugar, it is believed, is attacked in the mouth by an organism which produces lactic acid, which, in turn, causes the decay.

Doctor Nuckolls told of tests in which he soaked the teeth of hamsters, rat-like animals, in strong lactic acid solutions over long periods.

Although enamel of the teeth was worn away by the solution, the damage had no resemblance to tooth decay, Doctor Nuckolls said.

Functional Line For Active Children

PARENTS beset with the problems of finding ways and means around the home of channeling the energies of young dynamos into constructive and orderly habits will welcome the aid of the new functional furniture designed for children of the active age, produced in San Francisco. The entire furniture group is made of hardwood, soundly constructed.

At present, some pieces are produced and made available at San Francisco stores. One store has set up a special department to display this revolutionary furniture, which includes, besides the combination desk and record cabinet, a storage chest with sliding top compartment; wide and narrow backed chairs; table with drawer; drawer-chest; youth bed with spring; night stand; adjustable shelf bookcase.

Insects Give New Twist



Paris showed a collection of bizarre masks to the general public recently. These two, by Paris hairdresser and make-up artist Fernand Aubry, displayed in the form of a hat and

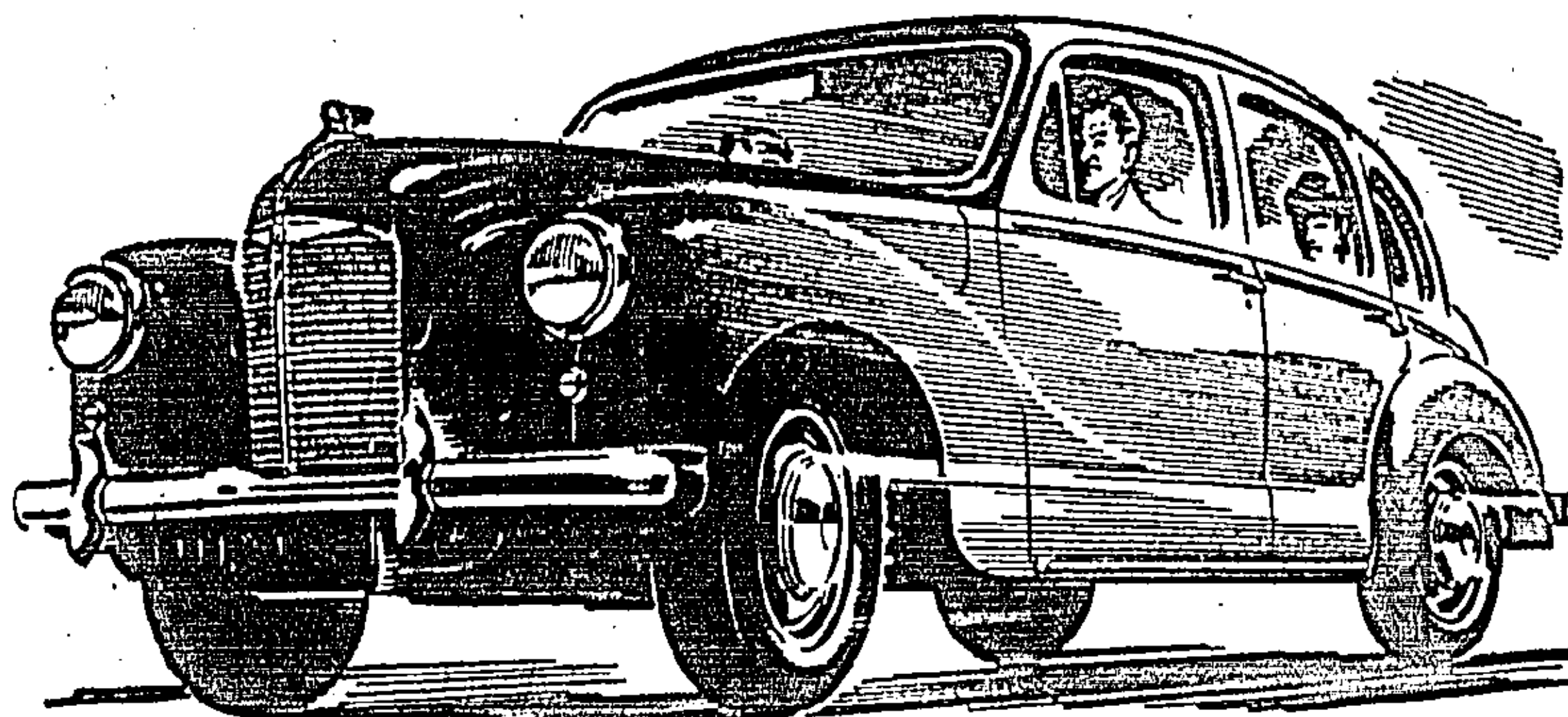
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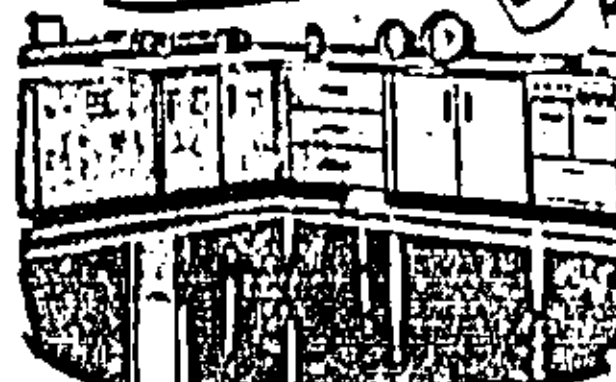
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*depending on texture of hair... follow instructions.



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PRESS
PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post, South China Sunday Post-Herald, China Mail and Hong Kong Telegraph Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.



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EAGER patrons at the hoopa stall, one of the many attractions at the garden fête organised by the Combined Services Families Welfare Club and held in Murray Parade Ground last Saturday. Below: Some of the children who entered the fancy dress competition. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr Charles Richard Holmes and Miss Vera Smith (third and fourth from left) and friends at the cocktail party given to announce their engagement recently. (Ming Yuen)

BELOW: Students of Maryknoll Convent School in the play, "The Eye of the Beholder," presented at the recent graduation ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



ABOVE and below: two large parties at the Ladies' Night dinner dance given by the United Services Lodge in the Roof Garden of the Hongkong Hotel last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)



CHILDREN engaged in a blindfold competition at the bazaar held last Saturday at the Kowloon Union Church. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: After the christening at the English Methodist Church last Sunday of Andrew Thomson, son of Mr and Mrs T. H. W. King. (Ming Yuen)

BELOW: Some of those who attended the dance given recently by the Hongkong University Undergraduates' Club. (Ming Yuen)



HE the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham (second from right) in conversation with Messrs J. Mansell-Smith, D. S. Hill and S. E. Faber (reading from left) at last week's official tiffin of the Air Force Club. (Staff Photographer)



MR Carlton Skinner, the first civil Governor of Guam, being interviewed by reporters on his arrival here last Saturday. On left is Mrs Skinner. (Staff Photographer)



MR N. G. Fisher, Chief Education Officer of Manchester, distributing certificates at the annual graduation ceremony of the Rural Training College at Pingshan last week. (Staff Photographer)



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WHITEWING

LIVES AND SHIPS LOST IN SENDING AID TO THE RUSSIANS AT WAR

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

WHEN Soviet Russia was attacked by Hitler the only way we and the Americans could help them by sending weapons supplies. These were on a grand scale from the United States and British Empire, and from American munitions already in Britain. The only way by which these supplies could be carried to the Russian armies was by sea, and the North Cape and the Arctic waters to Murmansk and later Archangel.

The agreement the Soviet Government was responsible for sending the supplies in their ships at British or American ports, and transporting to Russia. However, they did not possess enough ships to transport the immense amounts we were willing to send, and American vessels constituted three-quarters of the traffic. For the first four months all went well, but in May 1942, that is, in the month of the attack on Pearl Harbor, the German U-boats began seriously to attack the convoys.

Ship moved

It has been seen how Hitler attacked the German Navy to concentrate its strength in Norway. In the winter, not only to prevent a British descent, but to obstruct the flow of supplies and munitions to Russia. Tirpitz was moved to Lofoten in January. Here, a later, she was joined by Scheer, and in March by the Hipper. This group of three ships was to have been met by the battle-cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau at Brest, and by the Prinz Eugen, which had escaped with the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau had both fallen victim to our mines and were for months out of action. They were being repaired, but they were subjected to heavy attack. On the night of January 27 the Gneisenau was in dock at Kiel and, although we did not know it at the time, was so heavily damaged that she never appeared again in the war at sea.

There remained the Prinz Eugen, which was sent at the time as the Scheer to join Tirpitz. She was torpedoed by a British submarine, but managed to reach Lofoten. After making repairs she succeeded in returning to Germany, where she remained out of action till April. Although the naval attack on Tirpitz was only as strong as Hitler had expected, it riveted our attention.

Attack ordered

Convoy PQ.12 had left Iceland on March 1, and the Tirpitz was ordered to attack it. It was reported by a British submarine, Admiral Tovey, who was covering the convoy with the King George V and the battle-cruiser Victoria, at the time of the attack. The German air reconnaissance failed to find the convoy, and Tirpitz turned back. Admiral Tovey, however, got on her and home, and on the 4th of March, when the aircraft found her, and a series of torpedo-carrier attacks was launched. The Tirpitz, however, succeeded in avoiding all these attacks and regained the coast of West Fjord. Thus the attack on PQ.12 reached its decision safely.

On April 4, 1942, the April convoy, PQ.13, was attacked by aircraft and German destroyers, and lost ships out of 19. One German destroyer was sunk, but the cruiser Trinidad was not, and eventually sank at Scapa Flow in the United States Task Force, comprising the new battleship Washington, the carrier Yorktown, and two heavy cruisers, and was a very well-fought battle. The attack on the April convoy was a very well-fought battle, and made the occupation of the Arctic waters.

The difficulties and perils of the Arctic convoys were not the only ones. The German U-boats were also active in the Atlantic, and the British and American navies were engaged in a constant struggle to protect the convoys. The German U-boats were also active in the Arctic, and the British and American navies were engaged in a constant struggle to protect the convoys.

attack, and between them lost ten ships. Fifty, however, got safely through, but in the process we lost the cruiser Edinburgh by U-boat action.

The climax

The climax of our endeavours was reached in the painful episode involving the fate of PQ.17. This convoy, comprising 34 merchant ships, sailed from Iceland for Archangel on June 27. Its escort consisted of six destroyers, two anti-aircraft ships, two submarines, and 11 smaller craft. In immediate support were two British and two American cruisers, with three destroyers, under Rear Admiral Hamilton. Nine British and two Russian submarines were disposed along the north coast of Norway to attack, if possible, the Tirpitz and German cruisers, or at least to give warning of their approach. Finally, to the westward, under the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Tovey, cruised our main covering force—the battleships Duke of York and Washington, with the carrier Victorious, three cruisers, and a flotilla of destroyers.

The convoy passed north of Bear Island, where the pack-ice held it within 200 miles of the German airbases. The Admiralty instructed Admiral Hamilton that his cruiser force was not to go east of Bear Island "unless the convoy was threatened by a surface force which he could fight." This clearly meant that he was not intended to fight the Tirpitz. Meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief with the heavy ships remained in an area about 150 miles north-west of Bear Island, ready to attack the Tirpitz should she appear, first of all with the aircraft from the Victorious.

Convoy located

The convoy was located by the enemy on July 1 and thereafter was shadowed from the air and frequently attacked. On the morning of July 4 the first ship was sunk, and three more were torpedoed by aircraft that evening, by which time the convoy was already 150 miles beyond Bear Island. Rear Admiral Hamilton had used his discretionary authority to remain with the convoy. It was known that the Tirpitz had left Tromsø some time before the afternoon of the 3rd, but there was no precise news of her movements or of other German heavy ships.

In view of what followed, it is necessary to examine the situation as it was known at the time in the Admiralty, where the progress of the convoy was being watched with anxiety. On the 4th there were strong reasons to believe that Tirpitz and her consorts, after

refueling at Altafjord, were about to sail to intercept the convoy. The risk of this overwhelming major attack outweighed any from the air or U-boats.

Admiral Hamilton's cruisers would be of no avail against the force the Germans could employ, and it seemed that the only hope of saving a portion of the convoy lay in scattering as widely as possible before the enemy arrived. They could be on the spot 10 hours after leaving harbour, and the merchant ships could only do seven or eight knots. If scattering was to be effective there was no time to lose.

That evening the following "immediate" signals went out to Admiral Hamilton on the direct personal orders of the

Part 10 of "The Hinge of Fate," Mr Churchill's fourth volume of memoirs of World War II

First Sea Lord, who believed an attack to be imminent:

9.11 p.m.
Cruiser Force withdraw to the westward at high speed.

9.23 p.m.
Owing to threat from surface ships, convoy is to disperse and proceed to Russian ports.

9.36 p.m.
Convoy is to scatter.

The decision once taken left no option with the cruiser Admiral Hamilton. His instructions were definite and peremptory, and whatever his distress at having to leave his hapless charges he could do nothing to help them. Nor was our fleet able to reach the scene in time. Unfortunately the destroyers of the convoy escort also withdrew, and although this decision was at the time accepted as right in the circumstances, their presence later on would have helped to collect the scattered ships into little groups after the threat of surface attack had been removed and would have afforded them some protection against air and U-boat attacks during the remainder of the long and hazardous voyage.

Admiral Pound would probably not have sent such vehement orders if only our own British warships had been concerned. But the idea that our first large joint Anglo-American operation under British command should involve the destruction of the two United States cruisers as well as our own may well have disturbed the policy with which he was accustomed to deal with these heart-shaking decisions.

This is only my surmise from what I know of my friend, for I never discussed the matter with him. Indeed, so strictly was the secret of the orders being sent on the First Sea Lord's authority guarded by the Admiralty that it was not until after the war that I learned the facts.

Enemy force

The Allied cruiser squadron was already about the limit of its mission. If no surface force had gone out from the Admiralty the cruisers would in any case have withdrawn an hour or so later in accordance with their original instructions. Their earlier movement had no effect in fact influence the tactical situation. In the light of later knowledge, however, the decision to scatter was precipitate.

Now let us turn to the German side of the picture. The enemy force, comprising the Tirpitz, Scheer and Hipper, with their attendant destroyers, which had assembled at Altafjord, did not in fact leave harbour until midday on the 5th. By this time they knew from their air reconnaissance that the convoy had scattered, and that the British cruisers had withdrawn. The German ships were soon sighted, first by a Russian submarine, which attacked and incorrectly claimed two hits on the Tirpitz, and later by a British submarine, which reported her still steering to the north-east at high speed.

The German admiral, knowing that he had been reported, feared attack from British aircraft which he believed might be within striking distance, but proposed none the less to continue his mission. However, the German High Command now took a different view of the matter, and remembering the fate of the Bismarck a year before, decided on withdrawal.

Back to port

They also estimated, with some justice, that the scattered convoy could be more effectively dealt with by air and U-boat attack. That evening the German heavy ships were ordered back to port. The potential threat which they created had

caused the scattering of the convoy. Thus their mere presence in these waters had directly contributed to a remarkable success for them.

The consequences for us were painful. The scattered, defenceless convoy now fell an easy prey to the marauding aircraft and U-boats. The dismal tale of each ship or little group of ships, some of them accompanied by one or more of the smaller escort vessels, became a saga in itself. Some took refuge along the frozen coast of Nova Zembla. Of the 34 ships which left Iceland 23 were sunk, and their crews perished in the icy sea or suffered incredible hardships and mutilation by frost-bite. Three British, six American, one Panamanian, and two Russian merchant ships reached Archangel, and delivered 200,000 tons of cargo out of the 200,000 which had started from Iceland. Fourteen American ships in all were sunk. This was one of the most melancholy naval episodes in the whole of the war.

No blame

I awaited the results of the inquiry into the conduct of those concerned. This took a considerable time and assigned no blame to anyone. How could it do so in view of the signals made on the orders of the First Sea Lord? If the Tirpitz and her consorts were approaching the escort cruisers and the convoy, it was right to order the cruisers to withdraw, as otherwise they would have been a useless sacrifice, and the best hope of the merchant ships lay in dispersal.

The departure of the destroyers raises another problem. It was a regrettable decision, referred to the tactical situation, pointing out that the scattering of the convoy made it unlikely that they could find a tanker from which to replenish their limited supply. He also dwelt on the chances of a final action developing, in which case the destroyers would be needed with the fleet.

Abuse and insult

Nevertheless, while the scattering of the convoy gave little scope for destroyer action against superior surface attack, their withdrawal was certainly a mistake. All risks should have been taken in defence of the merchant ships.

Since the war there has been criticism of this incident by American writers, and there was at once a catalyst of abuse and insult from the Soviet Government. However, we learned by our misfortunes.

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(MORE ON MONDAY)



London Express Bureau

Just plain folks strikes a blow for Hollywood

TODAY, once and for all, I'd like to give the lie to the label that Hollywood folk are a breed apart—that they're exhibitionists who

As I know them, and I know that plenty well, they just happen to be slightly more photographic versions of your Uncle Jonathan and your Aunt Esmerelda—ordinary citizens who work hard, send their kids to Sunday School and get misty-eyed when they see the Red, White and Blue sparkling in the breeze.

What's that? The gent in the checked waistcoat wants proof? Okay, but since the principals in the tale coming up are modest people I'll have to alias up their names.

A FEW years ago Moira Gaye, one of the most publicized gals in filmdom, divorced Hubby No. 4, a scenario writer, and married Hubby No. 5, a set designer.

These multiple marriages, I hasten to add, do not mean that Moira was promiscuous; they only go to show that, if it's love that makes the world go round, the star had such an overdose of this commodity that she went around a bit faster than most.

Toward the end of the war you may remember a lot of writers and directors with Hungarian and Czech names were showing up in Hollywood.

One in particular, a Czech director I'll call Matchek, was welcomed with particularly open arms by Moira, who was no snittem that she decided to make him Hubby No. 6.

MOIRA, like my Main Street hausfrau, was a naturally mellow, far from prospective husband to be a bang-up success, and so she set out to sell him to the executives of her studio.

"Matchek's a great director," she told them "and it so happens he owns the rights to a story that would be perfect for me. Why don't you buy it for my next picture? There's only one condition—Matchek must direct."

The studio heads knew what Moira didn't—that she was no longer the box-office attraction she was quacked up to be, but they also knew that if she were properly handled her past glories might carry her along to another picture or two. And out of loyalty to an old money maker—and touched by her devotion to her next husband—they agreed to buy both Matchek and his story.

A COUPLE of days after the film went into production the refugee dropped in to see the studio boss.

"As you know," he said, "I love dear Moira very much, but there's one thing I love even more—my integrity as an artist. And when I make a picture I permit nothing—not even love—to stand in the way."

"Therefore, in all honesty, I got to tell you that in this particular picture dear Moira stinks, and I think you ought to replace her with—"

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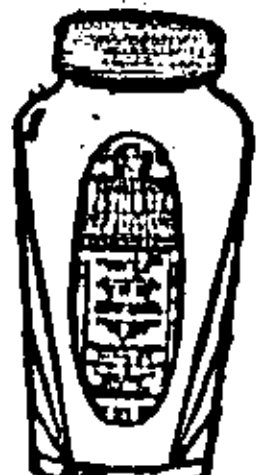
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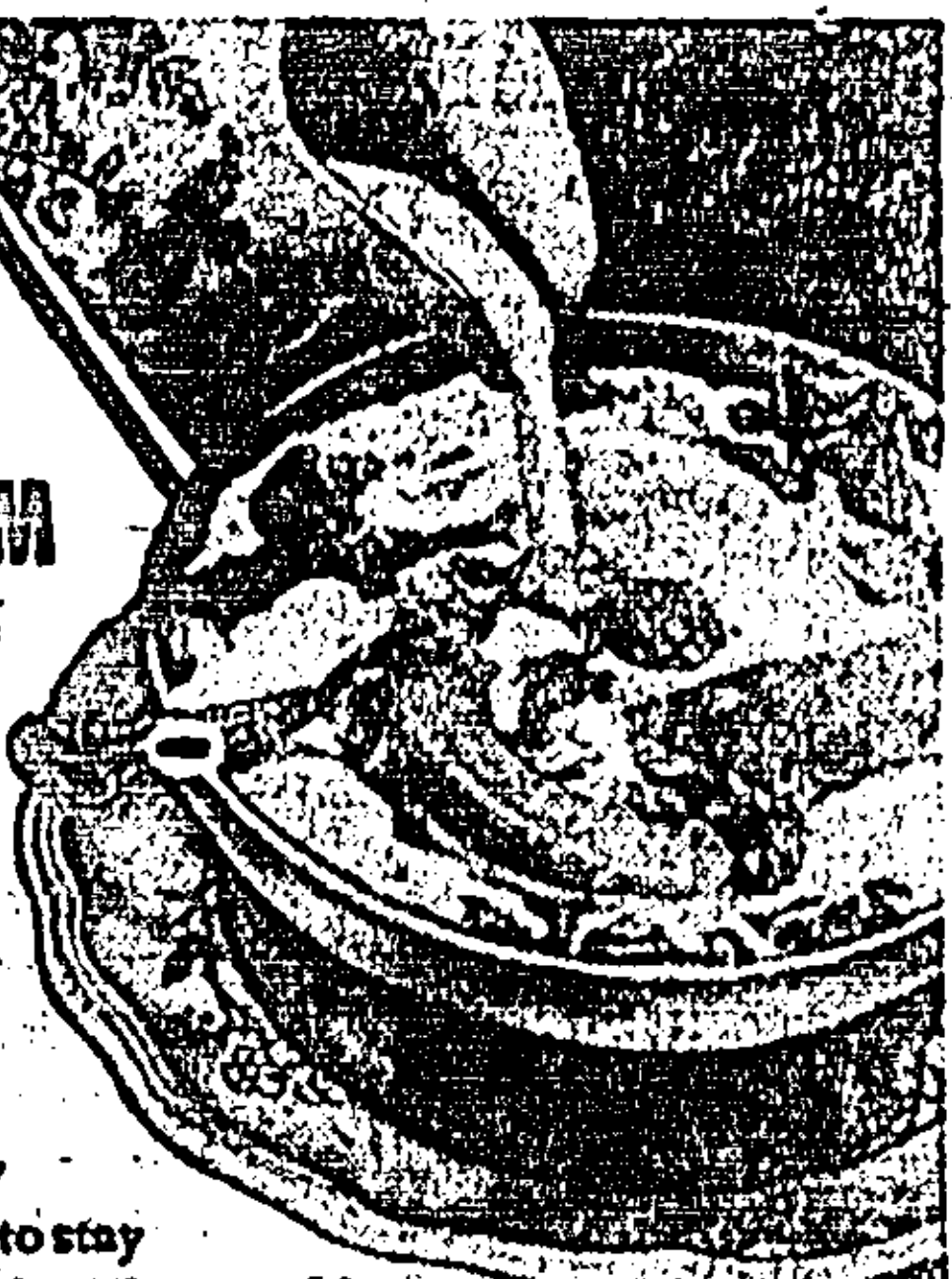
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EVOLUTION BACKWARDS

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MASTER PIGGOTT

The £10,000-a-year boy

by GWYN LEWIS

LAMBOURN (Berkshire). **S**CHOOLBOY Piggott, faced with the task of naming the capitals of Europe, grinned and blushed when, from all over the classroom, from boys and girls came cries of "Come on, Piggott!"

Miss Amy Westlake, the teacher, smiled, but, rapping the desk, she called out, "That will do. Piggott is not on the racecourse now. He is at school."

And Lester Piggott, the 14-year-old prodigy of the Turf, began: "London, Paris, Rome, er—er—Athens..."

For a few hours a week at the private school run by Miss

Westlake and Mrs J. Paul, her sister, at Lambourn, Lester, the jockey, is a village boy happy in the company of other children.

Yet one day last week the same boy was discussing racing technicalities with the Stewards of the Jockey Club at Newmarket.

52 winners

AWAY from schooling the same chubby faced boy is the "man" who has ridden 52 winners during his first full season as a jockey, establishing himself as the most successful boy jockey for the past 30 years.

His genius in the saddle has this year brought his patrons 223,000 in "take money" alone, and clearly he will soon be earning £10,000 a year from the owners now bidding for his services. All he asks from his father at present is 5s. a week.

He narrowly missed winning the Cambridgeshire recently in a neck-and-neck photo finish, which placed his mount Zina second to Kelling.

When Lester was between three and four years old Mr Keith Piggott, his father, put him on the back of a New Forest pony named Brandy for his first ride round the stable-yard.

On a pony

THE Piggotts have been jockeys and trainers for generations. They have invariably married into horse-racing families, and now Keith Piggott's only child perched on a forest pony was so obviously at home that the father said to Iris, his wife: "Well, it looks as though we have bred a jockey."

Lester was born at Wantage, a few miles from Lambourn, where the Piggott family now live in a house overlooking the Berkshire Downs. Lester differs from most boys in many ways. Partial deafness from birth has made him extremely shy. Specialists examining him recently said he has the hearing of a man of 60.

Lester said: "I never hear the roar of the racing crowds, and when talking to anybody I lip-read more quickly than I hear what is being said."

"I do not find my defective hearing a great handicap. It has this advantage—that when I lose interest in what a person is saying I do not bother to read his lip movements."

Bible there

LESTER, unlike most boys of his age, has never been interested in toys. His only toy is an airgun.

Untidiness common among boys is abhorrent to Lester. His father showed me his bedroom dressing table, on which everything was arranged in an order that his mother must never change.

By his bedside on a table nearly arranged were "Comic Cuts" magazines, copies of the Racing Calendar, and a modernized edition of the Bible. That is Lester Piggott, prodigy.

And the boy who thrills thousands of racetracks also keeps by his bedside a selection of Wilde West stories featuring precipice-leaping and marauding. He is sensitive to the criticism of newspaper writers, racing keenly but his father is teasing him to be a "good loser."

His pots

LESTER, born and bred in the countryside, dislikes towns. Cinemas do not interest him; on the other hand such countryside pursuits among boys as bird-nesting or, currently, conker-collecting, exert no appeal.

It is not that his interests are wholly devoted to racehorses, for of these he said: "They are my work, but no racehorse has yet won my affection. Brandy and Rip, my other forest pony, are my pets."

"I am also fond of two kittens mother has just bought for me."

"I regard racehorses as cunning creatures that have got to be mastered. I treat a racehorse as a machine. To get the best service from a machine you treat it carefully."

It is the same with racehorses. "Father has taught me that if you make a pet of a thing, it will go soft and silly and will not win races."



Lester Piggott—he wins races

His father said the secret of Lester's success lies in his speed from the starting gate. He added: "The boy is also absolutely fearless."

No cabbage

LESTER has the normal boy's liking—for sweets, but at meal-times, although weighing—room considerations are not allowed by his mother to control his appetite, nothing will induce him to eat vegetables.

He enjoys meat, or fish, along with puddings appeal to him, and he eats heartily.

Ginger beer and lemonade mean nothing to Lester. His father has not forbidden him to smoke, but so far the boy has shown no inclination for smoking.

"He is thrifty. He saves most of his 5s. a week pocket money, and his father added: 'When we take him to the shops he rejects everything as too dear.'"

Bed at 8.30

RACING engagements that would prevent him reaching home each day are not usually accepted, and in the evening, when the family inquest on his day's performance is over Lester likes to pit his skill against his father on the draughtboard.

Bedtime is invariably not later than 8.30. Said Lester: "I need no coaxing because, I am always tired by then."

Every Sunday he attends evening service at church, and but for his defective hearing would have been in the choir.

(London Express Service)

Bernard Shaw and Sir Robert

Ho Tung Exchange Letters

GBS WAS LIKE LI HUNG-CHAN

"GREAT men" in my opinion, are fabulous monsters, like dragons and unicorns. Their vogue is idolatry.

That was written by the late George Bernard Shaw in August 1949 to Sir Robert Ho Tung.

The two men exchanged correspondence during Sir Robert's visit to England last year and the playwright's notes and postcards, written in GBS's undoubtedly shaky handwriting, are amongst Sir Robert's most prized possessions today.

To them is attached not only sentimental, but historic interest, for the late Bernard Shaw delivered

London as my guest. I you will not consider insult, but rather as my wish to meet you again."

To this, "GBS" replied: "Your invitation is very fine; but London, is beyond reach. I doubt whether ever see it again."

"I am an impossible anyhow with my peculiar and incessant work business. I am working time when I am not sleeping hobbling round the garden a pennyworth of exercise."

"Most kind of you same to invite me."

"SO DAMNABLY OLD"

On June 21, Sir Robert to Mr Shaw asking him would be possible for him visit Shaw at Ayot Saint

Four days later Shaw re "Dear Sir Robert. I had answered your first



Sir Robert with GBS at Ayot St Lawrence last year. In picture, Shaw is wearing the Chinese gown presented to him by Sir Robert.

himself of some of his more brittle wit in his private correspondence.

Through the courtesy of Sir Robert Ho Tung, the China Mail is able today to present to its readers some of the correspondence which passed between Shaw and him in 1949. We think readers will find it of interest.

In a letter to Sir Robert dated February 25, 1949, Shaw prophesied that the atomic bomb would not be used again. Here is his letter:

PREPARING NEW PLAY

"My dear Sir Robert. The letter in which you told me of the bombing and looting of your house by the Japanese never reached me. I have such a pleasant recollection of it that your letter dated the 8th February gave me quite a shock."

"The scenes in the play I told you of are in active preparation. The temple scene representing your destroyed 'meditation parlor' (the English name for it in the old days before the English had lost the habit and the power of meditation) will have to be suggested by the scene designer as best she can."

"The make-up of the actor who plays the priest will be copied from the portrait of Captain Robert Dollar."

"I enclose my latest photograph. In July next I shall be 93 if I am still alive."

"I hope nobody was hurt when your houses bombed. I had my windows broken two or three times but nothing worse. The atomic bomb will not be used again. Like poison gas, but a thousand times more mischievous, it is equally deadly to friend and enemy."

Always yours, (sgd) G. Bernard Shaw."

In June, Sir Robert wrote to Mr Shaw inviting him to London. Sir Robert wrote: "It just occurred to me that I might mention to you that there is a spare double bedroom in our suite at the Grosvenor House and it will be a great honor if you will spend a few days in

CHINESE DRESS

1. That Mr Shaw is a man, with a great deal of humour.

2. That I sent you an engraved copy of one of photos which we took together with the following words:

"In Chinese dress, you very much like a distinctive Chinese gentleman. In fact resemble the late famous man, Li Hung-chang, 1st Minister of the Ming Dynasty."

3. That you also kindly gave me an autographed copy of the following words:

"From one Sage to another."

4. That you presented with an autographed copy your latest play "Buoyant Lones."

5. That you said a man not make himself a hero that it is others or circumstances that make him one, as in the case of Abraham Lincoln.

Just cross out what you wish me to mention, and any further ones you feel I should mention.

TIMELY ASSASSINATION

To point, Mr Shaw re "Great men" in my opinion, are fabulous monsters, like dragons and unicorns. Their vogue is idolatry."

"To point, it is a fact that you have mentioned in your letter. I have no objection to it."

"To point, it is a fact that you have mentioned in your letter. I have no objection to it."

Immortal lover? But what a bad mother!

GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON
reviews the NEW BOOKS

THE IMMORTAL LOVERS. By Frances Winwar. Hamish Hamilton, 15s. 367 pages.

THE important thing about the runaway marriage of Elizabeth and Robert Brown is, not that it was antic, but it was practical.

Elizabeth saved Elizabeth from her and her doctors. And it was Robert, who wanted to do so in the comfortable of a West Indian sugar cane.

Robert, too, had an association with the West Indies. It was the form of blood rather than treasure.

To say this is not, of course, to pretend that the marriage was based upon anything but mutual love. It was, successful and, after first breathless scampers Wimpole Street and Mr. Pett, rather commonplace.

Elizabeth, no more Papa, as a beautiful shadow in the corner of her conscience, more doctors to advise ointment to ban poetry. Miss you who wrote verses for the *Blossington's* annuals. I give her two years. You mend your ways, Miss Pett. Take to reading a bit of history, for example.

and for Robert? A few flies in the ointment, but not enough to discourage one who, tumbled, his back, but reached forward.

Elizabeth, for most of their together, was a famous one; he was considered as an antic second-rater.

Elizabeth was a bad mother spoiled her little boy Pen, him in long ringlets and knickers and repeated all her sayings as all her men do. As soon as Robert charge, he whipped off ringlets. Little Pen, before had reached the age of 19, the father of two illegitimate children.

Elizabeth was addicted to tussling and attended a bit of the famous American home, at which a bath was placed on her brow.

There must be more in Hillary than Lovat Dickson's honest feeling has discerned. Yet, if the figure in the foreground does not stand out more clearly some of the missing background is filled in: the half-resentful friendship with Peter Pease, the friendship which would have been more, with Denise, who loved Peter, by that time dead. And this from Hillary's will: "As to whether I am buried or cremated it is immaterial to me, but as the flames have had one try, I suggest they might get their man in the end."

Too bold and agile a spirit to be caught in the net of affectionate biography.

• **LOVAT DICKSON**, born Australia 1902; educated Berkshire, taught in Canadian and American universities; has been editor of *Fortnightly Review* and *Review of Reviews*; now a director of Macmillan publishers.

THE TRAP. By Dan Billany. Faber, 10s. 6d. 380 pages.

If Billany could have revised this novel he would not doubt have improved it. He would have noted its lack of form and pruned some of its violence.

But, after the Italian surrender Billany, then a POW was killed in combat with a traitor. The Trap left in manuscript with an Italian farmer is as it came from his pen; a novel but more of an autobiography, a glimpse of wartime England and war in Africa; the output of a disgruntled mind and a senuous temperament.

During the first few pages its action is held up by a shrill denunciation of the "kindly" caricature of the working-class presented by upper-class writers. "Rancorous? By God, I'm rancorous," he could not forget that, as a youth, he had lost the love because of the means test.

What gives the book distinction, however, is not its stale ill-temper, but the vivid, sinewy writing which brings alive the family into which Billany married, the home that was shattered by a bomb, the troopship that took him to Africa, the men he commanded.

• **DAN BILLANY** born Hull 1913; was awarded by, apprentice electrician, then won Enemy, in which a generation found its mirror.

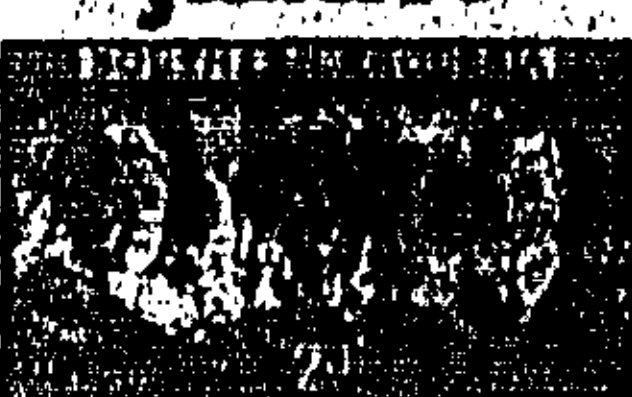
THIS reticent book is a contribution to legend rather than to biography. It conveys as much of Hillary as can be gleaned from a series of good photographs.

The cheeky schoolboy; the arrogant undergraduate; "our Mr Hillary," whose outrageous exploits delighted his RAF comrades. One after another we meet them. We have met an attitude, a convention, a hero from a Noel Coward film, with clipped phrases and eloquent under-statements.

But, after all, Hillary was not simply another brave, fragile youth, first marked and then destroyed by war. He was the author of the *Last Enemy*, in which a generation found its mirror.



A British diamond jubilee



ONE of the Empire's pioneer lands has issued a 2d. stamp with 60 years of adventure behind it. The stamp celebrates the diamond jubilee of British rule in Southern Rhodesia, a country rich in gold and big game.

This land was brought into the Empire by Cecil Rhodes, who went to the grammar school at Bishop's Stortford, Herts. Rhodes dug diamonds in Africa, and grew rich.

Then he led a pioneer column which fought its way through savage tribes and built the foundation of the colony which now bears his name.

The issue will last only four months. Postage is 1d. and the price unused, is 4d.

BOOKS & PEOPLE A GENERAL AT OXFORD

by JON HOPE

Today I have news from Oxford of erudite Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton, Fellow of All Souls, the tank pioneer, whose Army career started in 1888 and his academic career as Chichele Professor of Military History nearly 40 years later. Sir Ernest is now correcting proofs of his autobiography. Publication has been delayed because of his illness.

The author used to write under the pen-name of Backlight-Forethought, later changed that to Ole-Luk-Ole.

I should like to think he may change the title of his autobiography. At the moment he calls it "Over My Shoulder."

Who is David Mathew, author of novel-out this week called "The Mango on the

Mango Tree?" He is titular Archbishop of Apamea, in Africa. And the book's title? It comes from his friend, T. S. Eliot:

"The potamus can never reach The mango on the mango tree."

Here is a poet with strong views on how autobiographies should be written. Stephen Spender says detailed accounts of early childhood irritate him. His own story, "World With- in World" (being published next year) starts with his under-graduate days. Admits the author: "It is a catalogue of errors, among other things."

When Peter Cheyney was in the Bahamas he got more than local colour for a new thriller. He collected "sun- stroke as well. Badly burned he was laid low for several

days, took to reading novels from near-by library. He was so fascinated by one—"The Dark Light," by young American Bart Spicer—that he urged his London publishers to issue it here. They acted on his advice and already have another story by Spicer on the machines.

And still they come. For his book about the last days of Hitler, U.S. navy Captain Michael Mummanno interviewed hundreds of Germans, including the one who used to cut the Fuhrer's hair. I am told that after reading "Ten Days to Live"—coming, early next year—only the blindest fanatics will insist that Hitler still lives. That's one consolation, anyway.

(London Express Service)

BEST-SELLER? IT CAN'T MISS

FOR long enough the initiative in popular records has gone to American singers. They have captured the listener with sleek, smooth and beautiful discs. I am glad to report that this month the British lead the field.

Not with the silky tones of the croonettes. Not with the dash of the Philharmonics. The two records which stand out in the month's popular issues are made by three men who would never admit to vocal ambition: Bud Flanagan and Chesney Allen on the one hand, Noel Coward on the other.

The philosophy is there. The "Thames Embankment" is there. The warmth of comradeship is there. What more is needed to make this record a best-seller which it certainly will be?

And so, I imagine, will be Noel Coward singing Josephine from his musical play, *Acc of Clubs* (HMV B 0040)—but among a different audience.

Here is the Coward version of the Empress and her "coarse, rather Cornish" lover done in the inimitable clipped, precise manner which has some of the timbre of the average killer of vocal tales.

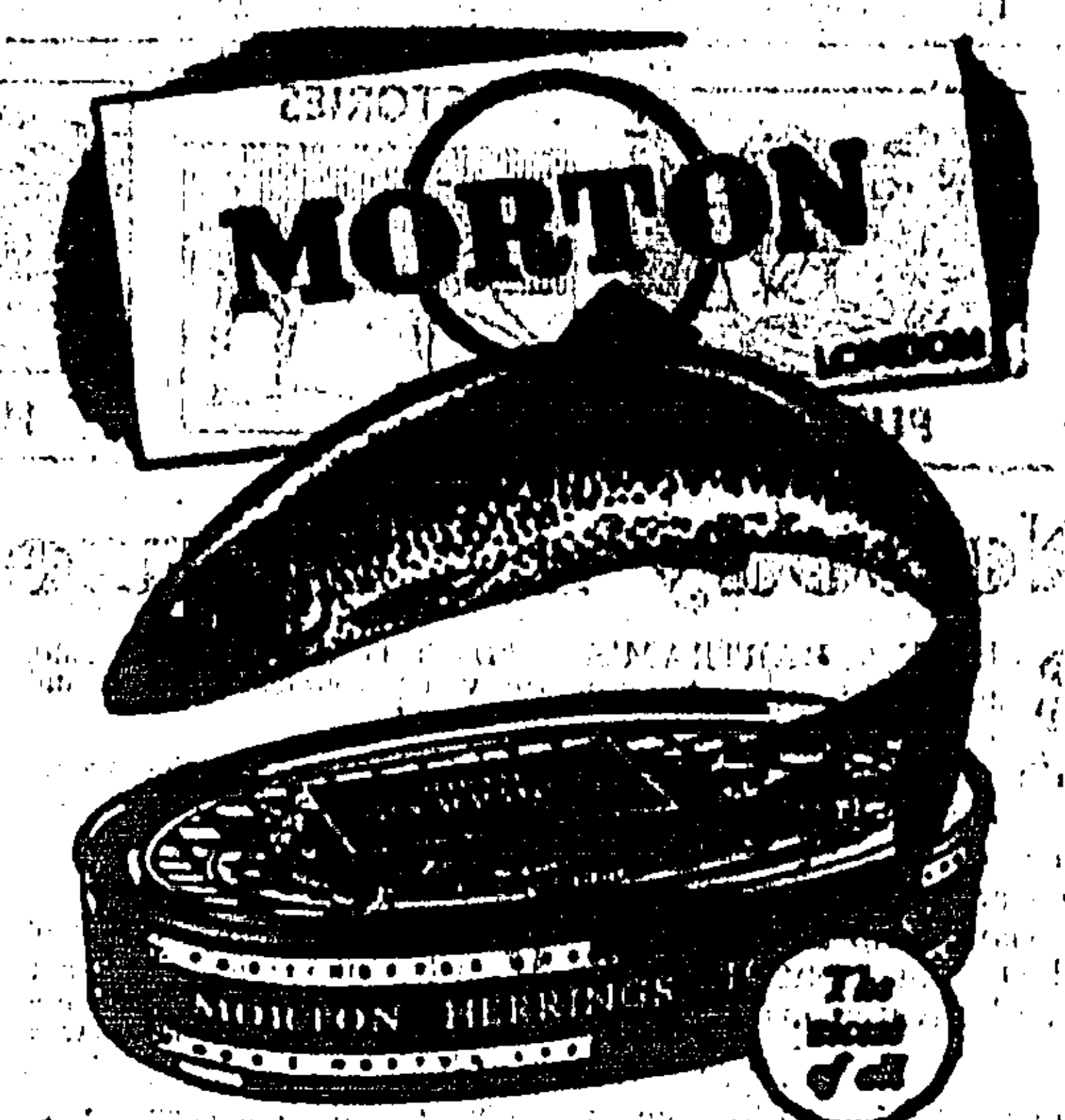
For good measure the fun is continued on the reverse side with Juvenile Delinquents.

Other selections:

Instrumental.—Yet another Haydn—and who shall say not this time Symphony No. 93 in D, played by the NBC Symphony Orchestra (HMV DB 21014-6): not by any means a brilliant piece of recording—it is paler than it should be—but it gives us a first glimpse of Guido Cantelli, Toscanini's protégé. His performance is at all times distinctive.

Vocal.—Soprano Victoria de los Angeles sings Hall of Song from Tannhauser and Lonely in Days of Sadness from Lohengrin—both in German—on HMV 21093. Full marks for a dazzling recording of a superb voice.

(London Express Service)



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TWO BIG GAMES FEATURED IN THE HOLIDAY SOFTBALL PROGRAMME

By "GRANDSTAND"

Softball fans have recently seen teams stumbling on the rocky road to Pennantville, as the current flag chase takes on a torrid tempo after a slow start in which the favourites were just pushing over the opposition in their stride.

In addition to the Senior League struggle between South China and the Jaguars, two exhibition games will highlight the Holiday programme as the USS Everett tangle with Madcaps and the HMCS Athabaskan meet the Braves.

Some of the best ball games seen this year were in the Men's Junior Loop, and the Delaware-Blackhawks clash slated for Monday will be given a "must" rating by rabid followers of the minor circuit.

During the past few days the wires have been humming and the result has been an eleventh hour arrangement for the visiting Canadian destroyer Athabaskan to meet the Braves in an exhibition tilt to replace their postponed game against the Overseas Chinese.

Visiting teams have always enjoyed a great following among softball fans, and the Braves are also not lacking in that respect, and the outcome should be a record turnout to watch last year's champions defending their honour against the Canadians.

Your scribe learns from a reliable source that the Athabaskan outfit are considered "hot stuff" along the Pacific Coast, and if their standard is anything like that of the HMCS Crescent who passed through the Colony 18 months ago, fans will be assured of good entertainment on Monday.

The Ladies' League will see the tall-end White Fangs featured in a double-header against the front running Wahooks and a powerful Canadian side.

PENNANT TALK

In spite of the fact that the Chinese participants in this popular pastime are split into three camps in the Senior League, each one is capable of dishing out brilliant ball, and among them, South China is given the best ranking.

When the South China nine come up against the Jollings Jaguars tomorrow at 2.00 p.m., it will be a game of vital importance, particularly as pennant talk is now heard around the Caroline Hill confines.

P. K. Lau, piloting the Carolinians, will undoubtedly start hurler Wong Po-chiu, whose coolness on the rubber, coupled with his knowledge of batting weaknesses, marks him as a pitcher depending on brains rather than brawn.

Rabbit Leung holding down the windy alley will provide the spark in an air tight infield.

Although the Jaguars have to date humbled several potential threats to their ambitions, mentor Frankie Barros, though cautious, is not taking any chances on a game victory, and will field his strongest side.

To quote mastermind Barros, "one bad break may mean a loss in a ballgame of this nature, but given even breaks, South China are beatable." The answer will be provided by sunset tomorrow.

The Jaguar infield will comprise Harry Lee doming the hardware, while Umbo Mose, Tony Silva, Gus Pereira and Gerry van Langenberg will be cowering around the sacks with Lionel Sequeira, Gabby Pereira and Lino Marques out in the pasture.

As is consistent with Barros strategy, the mastermind has not yet decided on his starting hurler, but the nominee for the

round assignment will be either Vic Pedruco or Jock Brown.

In the other senior tilt, St. Teresa's take on the Panthers. The Terries, who are considered a first rate team on paper, have not been able to hit their stride and to date have nothing but four losses against them with nary a win.

This state of affairs cannot possibly exist forever, and if and when they explode with their bats, they'll go places. It seems to this corner that the Panthers will be the goats when that eventually occurs.

THE IVERSON GRIP



The hand in the above picture is that of the bowling freak, 35-year-old Jack Iverson, Victoria's unorthodox spin bowler who was not interested in cricket until about four years ago when he started to play to prove a theory developed with a table tennis ball in New Guinea during the war.

Iverson developed a two-finger grip in which his middle finger is bent flat against the palm of his hand to be used as a spring and impart tremendous spin on the ball.

His success with a table tennis ball led him to practise with, first, a tennis ball, and then a cricket ball. He is now rated as the bowler most likely to upset the MCC batsmen in the Tests, though when the tourists met Victoria they were still able to hit up 306 for nine despite him. His analysis in the match is not available.—Central Press Photo.

John Macadam's Column:

THE TIPPER-OFF IS A SOCCER NUISANCE

Forgive an old grump, but we think we have had enough evidence of one of the root causes of football today being so short of talent that a comparatively modest (in the classical sense) performer like Trevor Ford can change hands at £30,000.

This root cause is the tipper-off. And if you don't know what a tipper-off is, we are prepared to explain, with the object of demonstrating that the gentleman in question can do more harm to the career of the rising star than flood, accident, wrong coaching, and health-seeking wives.

At a recent very minor amateur soccer match one of the gentlemen was a neighbour on the terrace.

While the locals shouted their heads off one way and another, he made rapid notes on his programme and at the end sloped off towards the little pavilion to wait, apparently, for a particular player.

There we parted—but the rest of the story was picked up

from the player against whose name he had made notes.

NICE GAME

The conversation between the tipper-off and the player went like this:

Nice game, boy—Not bad. All right down here? Got a good job?—All right.

Thought of turning pro?—Not much. Not good enough for that.

Don't know you've got something there. Ever fancied a move to the Midlands?—Never thought much about it. Just sort of enjoy a game on Saturday.

Nice clubs in the Midlands, and some nice jobs. If you're interested let me know.

That's the gist of it, but it is easy to see where it leads. The small-time amateur is flattered by the attention.

He becomes swollen headed at the prospect of even being considered by a professional club. He becomes unsettled and is no more good to his club—be it amateur or a colts side of a senior professional club.

All ways up it is a bad deal for the lowly club and merely a shot in the dark for the big one, for the tipper-off has practically no official standing. He is the complete legman, the local finder of possible hopes, and he doesn't care very much whether they turn out to be possible or not.

BALANCE UPSET

His job is done. He has seen one who may make a player or may not. He has held out the bait. He has upset the balance of a boy and probably the balance of a side for the equivalent of a few pieces of silver.

It is now for the bigger fry of the game to take over.

Now, don't get us wrong. This is no attack on the scout, that highly knowledgeable expert like, say, Jack Tinn, who has been in football most of his life, and is now official scout of Aston Villa.

The Jack Tinn of the spotting business know what they are after and they make few, if any, mistakes.

The tipper-off, who plants the seeds of unrest in literally hundreds of boys to get one good one, has no such responsible position, and most times he does only damage.

Believe it or not, he is killing players who might be ornaments to their games by the score, every year.

(London Express Service).

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FREIGHT SERVICE

"BRIANCON" Japan 15th Nov.
"AURAY" N. Africa & Europe 15th Dec.
for

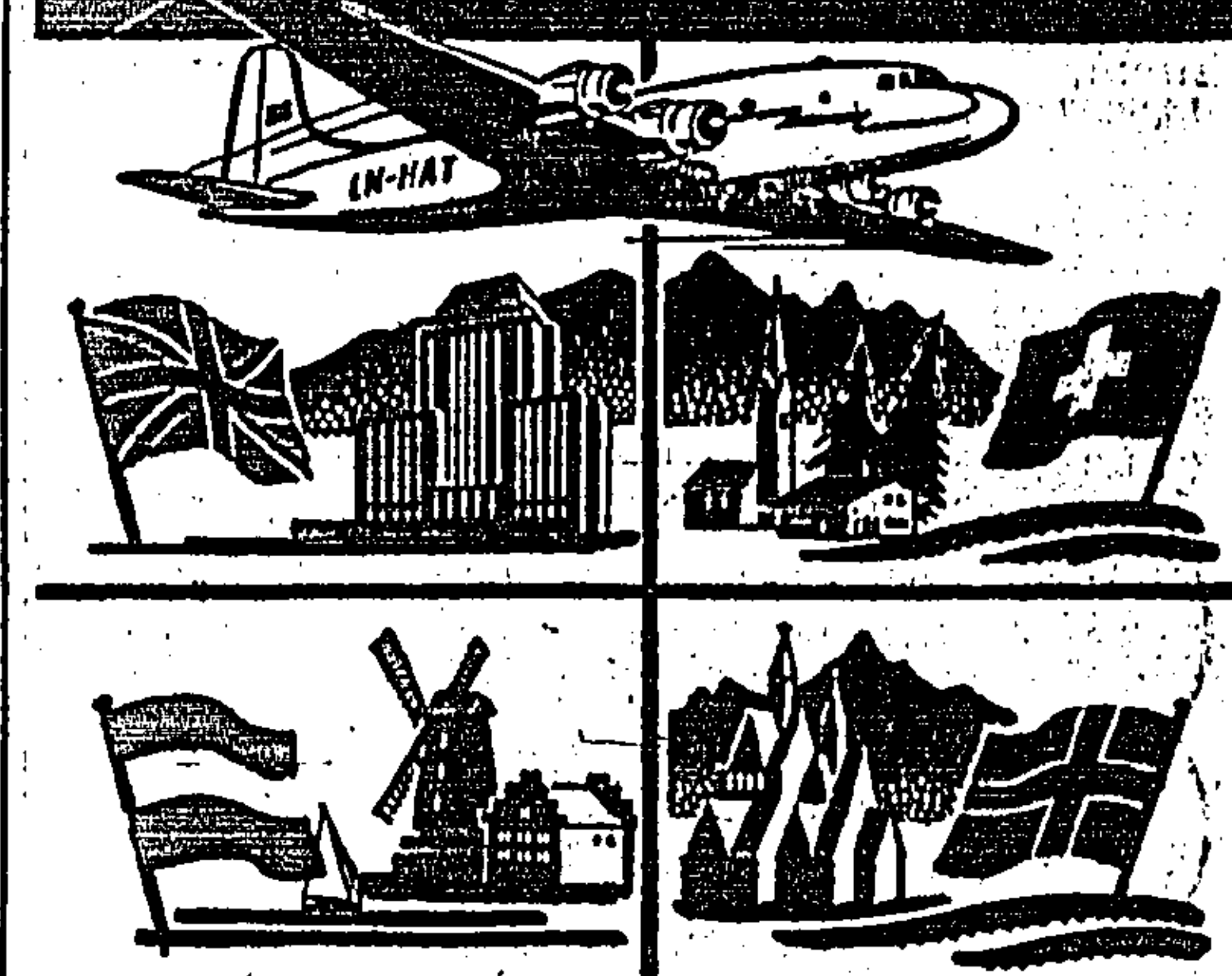
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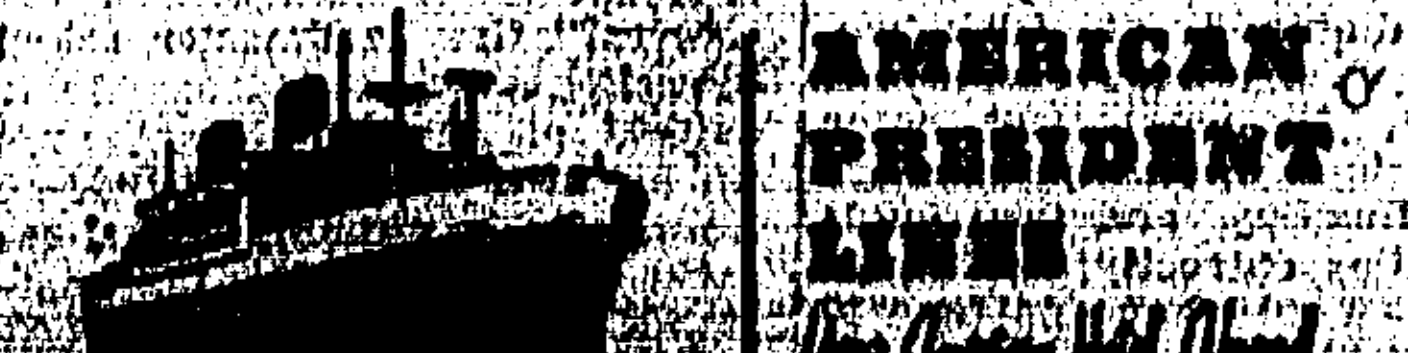
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"TJISADANE"	19th Nov.	12th Nov.

JAPAN	ARRIVALS	SAILINGS
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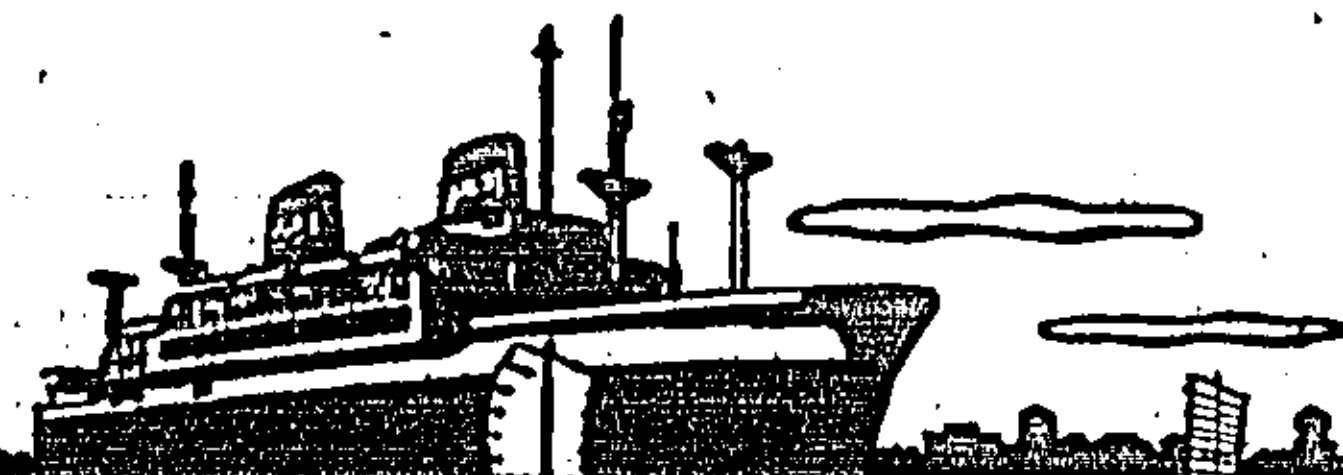
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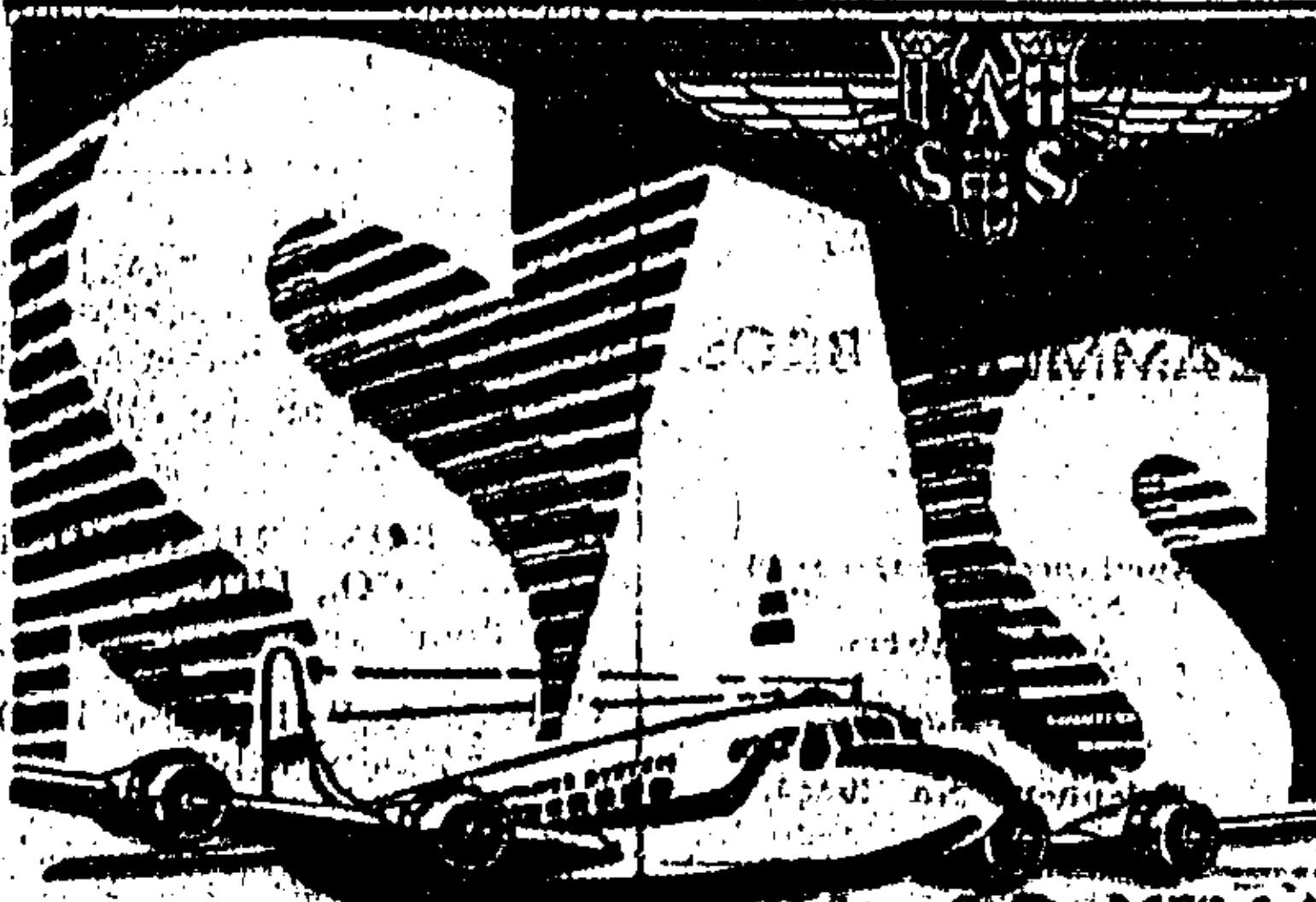
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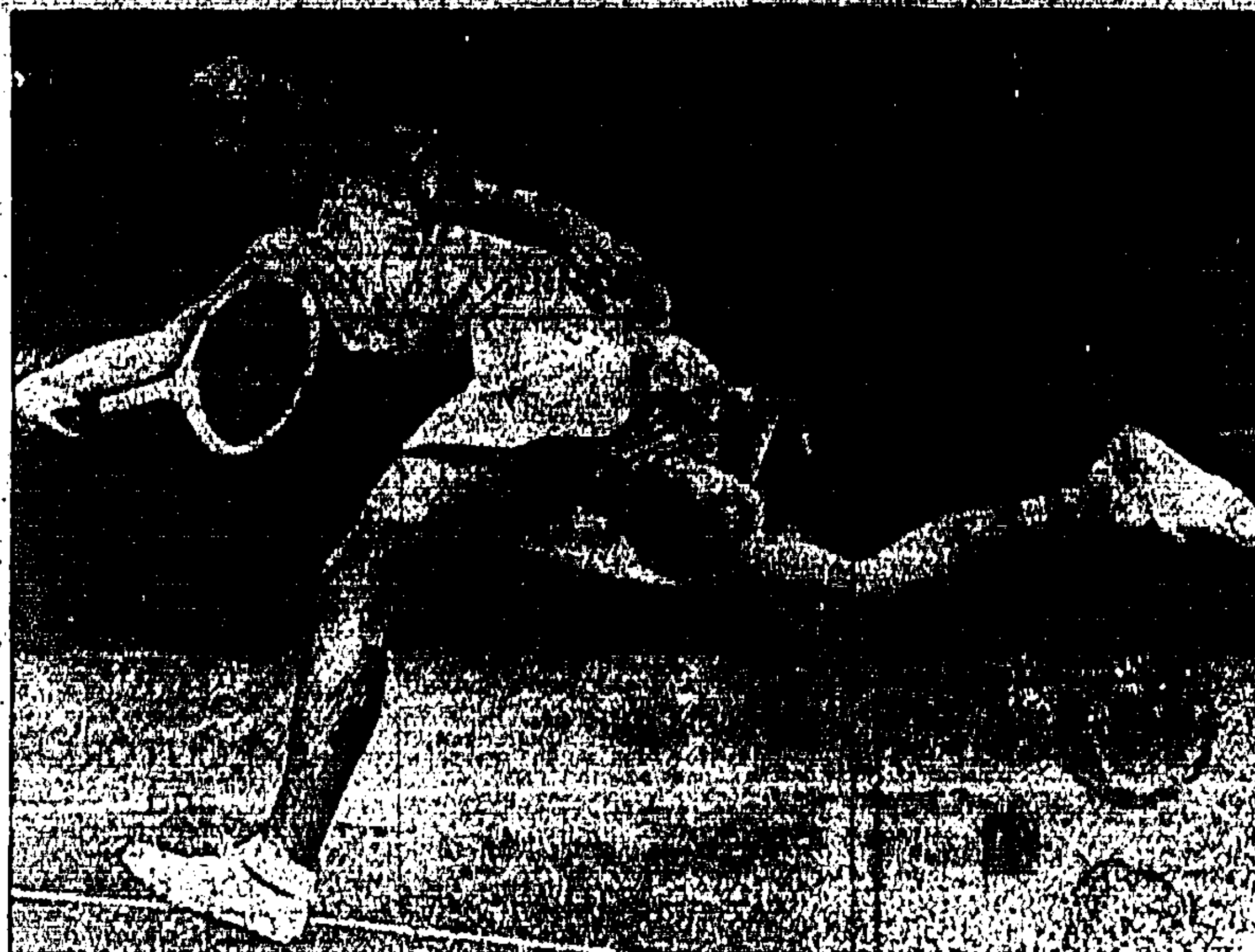
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SAYS PETER WILSON

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gerie, or drink vintage champagne out of your favourite film star's slip-
per—or whatever your personal design for living may be—and if
you're better than average at any sport, then I've got a tip for
you.

Be different.

For nowadays it's no use
being just good at sport;
to draw the crowds, and
subsequently the cheques,
you've got to be glamorous
—or grotesque.

You don't believe me?
Well, who's the most
famous lawn tennis player
in the world?

Jack Kramer, Pancho
Segura, Budge Patty, Frank
Sedgman, Louise Brough,
Margaret Du Pont? No. I
didn't say the best, I said
the most famous.

And, of course, the answer is
the one and only "Gorgeous"
Gussie Moran. When "La Pan-
ties" turned professional recent-
ly, she was reported to have
received the staggering sum of
£20,000, which is more than
the world's greatest male
player, Kramer, got for forsak-
ing his amateur status.

Why was Gussie paid this?
Certainly not for her skill with
a racket—at least not a lawn
tennis racket. As an example
she was beaten last week 6-0,
6-3 in 35 minutes by Pauline
Betz. Addie in her first pro.
match—even though this time
she was wearing gold-trimmed
panties.

The best answer to Gussie's
box office value was given me
by Nancy Chaffee—herself
something of a glamour puss.
When I asked Nancy if she
thought of turning pro, she gave
me a vigorous denial.

"After all," quoth this realis-
tic damsel, "who'd come and
watch me playing tennis when
they could go and watch tennis
and Gussie's panties at the same
time?"

"WINTER WARMS"

And so the young lady who
was beginning to get Wimble-
don confused with "Windmil-
don" goes merrily on her way,
sometimes prudently putting on
her "winter warms" in the
shape of leopard skin.

And, believe me, the leopard
isn't the only thing that doesn't
change its spots—Gussie has
picked hers and she's staying
with it.

And, of course, it is not sim-
ply in feminine sport that the
unusual becomes the profitable.

Remember the Moscow Dyna-
most? As it turned out they were
a very fine Soccer team. But
the people who made an infan-
try attack on Stamford Bridge—
where they played their first
match—didn't know that when
they surged through the gar-
dens of private houses and
dropped in through the roof of
the Chelsea ground.

The "Atlantic" could have
thrown because these were Rus-
sian athletes, virtually the first
to be seen in this country, and

everyone wanted to know if
these Russians had snow on
their (shooting) boots.

BARE-FOOTED

It was the same with the
Nigerian amateurs who toured
Britain just over a year ago.

No one was particularly con-
cerned with their Soccer—well
though they played on dry
grounds—but once it was an-
nounced that they had brought
yams, hams, and jams to sup-
plement their diet, and once it
was established that some of
them played bare-footed, clubs
they were visiting were safe in
putting up the "Sold Right Out"
notices.

A few weeks ago more than
20 men and women essayed a
mass attempt on the English
Channel. Can you remember
the name of the man who won
the prize or who the successful
English girl was?

Not so easy, is it. But I bet
you haven't forgotten Shirley
Mao France—who didn't swim
it.

And for why? Because
Shirley was launched—just the
word—with the same publicity
which is normally reserved for
a film star or a Transatlantic
liner.

Stories that she was going to
swim nude, that she was to
wear a 2,250 waterproof watch,
and carefully posed "pin-up
style" pictures of her attracted
the interest of thousands of
people to what is really one of
the dullest events in the whole
sporting calendar.

But it is the thing in my
sport—Take Primrose Vothey—
yes, you take him. I certainly
don't want him. He was with-
out doubt, one of the very worst
heavyweight champions of all
time.

But because of his gigantic
size and weight he must have
made well over a million dollars
as a boxer. Unfortunately, as
his "manager" (imported)
earned 105 per cent. of him, he
didn't keep much of it.

Even now, at 44, he is averag-
ing something like £1,750 a
week as a wrestler.

ECENTRICOS

Of course he has got competi-
tion in freaks there. There is
that other ex-boxer, "Two Ton"
Tony Galento, who used to go
into strict training by drinking
only beer, and smoking nothing
except cigars. More recently he
lost a disputed decision to an
octopus, which was equipped
with eight boxing gloves on its
tentacles.

Then there is Lord Leslie
Carroll, who claims to be an
English peer (from Kew and
Hendon) and who, in 1911, was
beaten in a boxing match by a
brave little fellow, a man who
served him cups of tea between
the rounds.

Nowadays you have to be too
professionalised athleticism to
turning more and more into
show business with muscles.

(London Express Service)

TOO MANY PENALTIES IN RUGBY

By Alan Hoby

Once again the cry is
going up about the deli-
berate roughness and rule-
breaking that goes on in
Soccer. Indeed, I over-
heard one Rugby type dis-
cussing this in a train and
saying, rather amiably:
"What a ghastly game. It
couldn't happen in Rugby."

But it does happen.

In the recent tour of New
Zealand by the British Com-
monwealth team 70 penalties
were awarded in the four Test
matches.

In the second Test there were
28 penalties. In the match
against Nelson there were 37
penalties. Against Auckland
there were 31 and against
Hawke Bay 30.

There are far too many
penalties in British Rugby too.
In the Oxford University-
Leicester match last week one
reads that penalties were "two-
a-penny."

Now I am not championing
Soccer at the expense of Rugby.
It doesn't matter a brass far-
thing to me which is the better
game.

Nor am I saying that this
rush of infringement is the re-
sult of deliberately dirty play.
Obviously it isn't.

The fact remains that the
brotherhood of the law for which
the whistle was blown in New
Zealand numbered 138 in six
matches. Moreover this was on
a good-will tour in which
everyone is agreed that our men
did a fine job for Britain.

But what about those first-
class Rugby games in Britain
in which there is more deli-
berate kicking, punching and
obstruction—in other words dirty
play—than in half a dozen
First Division Soccer matches?

No one wants to take the he-
man spirit out of Rugby. But
the total of fouls would be far
greater if this international law-
breaking was permitted instead
of being merely winked at.

Most spectators would need
X-ray eyes to see everything that
goes on in the set-arms and
even the loose scrums.

As I have indicated, I am not
taking sides. I am simply at-
tacking those people who throw
up their hands in pious horror
at the dirty play that goes on
in Soccer.

It doesn't matter if it did
the Rugby boys should keep to
their own rules before planning
a game against those who
don't like it.

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S.S. "TAKBANG"	Jessolton & Sandakan	20th Nov.
S.S. "HANGANG"	Jessolton & Sandakan	21st Nov.

ARRIVALS FROM

S.S. "ESANO"	Japan	8 a.m. 18th Nov.
S.S. "HINDUSTAN"	Calcutta, Straits	15th Nov.
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S.S. "EASTERN GLORY"	Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne & Adelaide	20th Nov.
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ARRIVALS FROM

S.S. "EASTERN GLORY"	Australian Ports via Japan	20th Nov.
Cargo accepted on through Bill of Lading to Tasmania, New Zealand and Pacific Island Ports.		

GLEN LINE LTD.

SCHEDULED SAILINGS TO U.K. AND CONTINENT

m.v. "GLENORCHY"	Leaves 17th November, sails 20th November, for Straits, Colombo, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Genoa, Naples, Lon- don, Rotterdam/Amsterdam, Hamburg, Antwerp.
m.v. "GLENARTNEY"	Leaves 4th December, sails 7th December, for Straits, Colombo, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Tancor, Casablanca, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam/Amsterdam, Hamburg, Dun. London, 14th January.

(Carriers option to proceed via other ports to
load/discharge cargo)

SCHEDULED ARRIVALS FROM LONDON

m.v. "BRECONSHIRE"	Leave London	due H.K.
m.v. "GLENHARR"	Sailed	20th Nov.
m.v. "GLENHARR"	Sailed	21st Nov.
m.v. "FLINTSHIRE"	Sailed	25th Dec.

INTERMEDIATE SERVICE

m.v. "FLINTSHIRE"	Sailed	25th Dec.
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PRINCE LINE LTD.

ARRIVALS FROM U.S. ATLANTIC & PACIFIC PORTS

m.v. "CINGALESE PRINCE"	Sailed N.Y. Sailed S.F. Due H.K.
m.v. "BRITISH PRINCE"	Due S.F. 12th Nov. 12th Nov.
m.v. "BRITISH PRINCE"	Sailed 15th Nov. 15th Nov.
m.v. "EASTERN PRINCE"	Sailed 15th Nov. 15th Nov.

EAST COAST, CANADA & U.S.A. via SUEZ

m.v. "CINGALESE PRINCE"	Leaves 12th Nov. for Djakarta, Straits, Colombo, Malacca, Suez & New York.
m.v. "BRITISH PRINCE"	Leaves 12th Dec. for Japan, Philippines, Java, Singa- pore, Straits, Colombo, Malacca, Suez and New York. Vessel may call at Saigon en route.

Cargo for U.S. ports (N. & S.) Montreal and Bermuda with trans-
shipment at Halifax or New York.

All the above subject to alteration without notice.
All intending passengers should register their
names as far as possible in advance of the date
at which they wish to leave.

PACIFIC TRANSPORT LINES

ARRIVALS FROM SAN FRANCISCO

S.S. "HONGKONG TRANSPORT"	Sailed S.F. Due H.K.
S.S. "PACIFIC TRANSPORT"	Sailed 11th Nov. 11th Nov.
S.S. "AMERICA TRANSPORT"	Sailed 15th Nov. 15th Nov.
S.S. "PHILIPPINE TRANSPORT"	Sailed 15th Nov. 15th Nov.

